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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Tuesday the body of Cecil Rhodes was taken on the first stage of its passing from Cape Town to the Matoppo Hills. Since his death Dutch and English in the Cape have been paying the tribute due to a man whose greatness had nothing to do with party. What there will be of pageant in the carrying of the body will be uniquely appropriate. With few pauses, with only the interruption of insistent homage from Dutch, English and from natives, the train will pass through a tract of country as great as from Allahabad to Cape Comorin, the greater part of which was won by the man's single genius. One may fitly compare the size of the country with India; when Von Weber proposed to Bismarck the foundation of a new German Empire with its centre in what is now Rhodesia he promised him a country "in extent and wealth not second to the British East Indian Empire". The Matoppo Hills, the scene of the most courageous act of Rhodes' life, will be reached on Thursday when there will be a simultaneous service in S. Paul's. The memory of the man, safe enough here and in history, may not unlikely be kept by the tribes there as Nicholson's yet is by the Sikhs in India. Canada and India are the monuments of great men who were great soldiers: in one way Mr. Rhodes too was "ever a fighter" and "Prospice" would make him an epitaph. But he won his way by newer means than theirs, some will think by less lovely. It is well that such people should be reminded by the site of his tomb that he eagerly faced death among the Matabilis for the sake of the peace which was his aim.

The progress of the Boer peace-makers gives cause for amusement as well as expectancy. Mr. Schalk Burger and the rest have been staying quietly at Kroonstad while British envoys are searching for Mr. Steyn. He was last located in the Western Transvaal and we have letters addressed to him from De la Rey who welcomes him as a future "head and leader of United South Africa". We may now conjecture from other captured letters and from past history the motives which will influence all the parties to the peace conference. Mr. Steyn has a restless ambition to be a big man; De la Rey in the midst of his personal successes has no doubt lost the true perspective; Mr. Schalk Burger has written in utter despair of immediate

prospects but nourishes a hope of a remote re-emergence; and Mr. Reitz has only one fear which he expressed long ago. He looks with dread to any prolongation of the war which may lead to the death or banishment of so many leading Boers that the national sense will have no future rallying point. It is difficult to see hopes of a sure peace from such a mixture of disingenuous motives; but meanwhile the other peace-movement, the vigorous prosecution of the war, continues unbroken.

The undue reticence of the War Office has caused much needless searching of heart over the execution of two so-called Australian officers. In fact the two men, though Australians by birth, were officers in a South African irregular corps raised on the spot. They were condemned, after Lord Kitchener had revised the sentence, for the cold-blooded murder of Boer captives and deserved the death penalty whoever they were. Now the facts are known, certainly the Australians are the last people to rebel against the verdict: the two officers have been punished for the same crime as Scheepers and as deservedly. Our troops have suffered one grave disaster during the week, not inflicted by the enemy. On a small line off the Delagoa railway a train carrying a portion of the Hampshire Regiment ran away down a steep gradient and the engine and the first five trucks left the metals and were upset. At the same time the boiler of the engine exploded. The driver and fireman and 38 men of the Hampshire Regiment were killed and 45 wounded. The calamity is the more sad as the men were just starting for home.

The war has progressed much as usual. On the weekly list 276 Boers are accounted for and an unusually large number of rifles. At Boschmans Kop the surprise of a laager by the 2nd Dragoons nearly turned into a disaster. The Boers were reinforced and the Dragoons fought a long rearguard engagement, in which four officers were wounded. One important engagement was reported on Friday. General Kitchener's detachment in the Western Transvaal after following up the Boers through the bush were attacked by 1,500 men under De la Rey. After a long fight—much of it at a very short range—the Boers were driven off. The losses on both sides were heavy and great gallantry was shown. The 28th Mounted Infantry and Canadian Rifles especially distinguished themselves.

The Vicomte de Villebois-Mareuil is said to be much chagrined at the refusal of our War Office to allow a foreign ambulance access to the Boers. Even on the ground of previous refusals the War Office

could have done nothing else; but if one looks to the history of foreign ambulances, the refusal becomes compulsory upon grounds of self-protection. All the members of one Dutch ambulance are now lodged in Ceylon and according to the strict justice of war they and some others might have been shot. During the war foreign ambulances have been found fighting, conveying munitions of war and carrying information from the British to the Boer lines. If the intrigues of these humane organisations were fully uncloaked, they would be found to have done more than a soldier's share in shedding blood and more than a sentimentalist's in increasing bad feeling. The War Office explicitly disclaims any suspicion of the good faith of the Vicomte, but the most admirable intentions and humane yearnings are no safeguard against the inclusion of treacherous intriguers in the staff which he is organising.

Even on the subject of concentration camps, generally looked upon as a new institution, India has supplied invaluable experience. Since they have been handed over to officials, acquainted with the organisation of famine relief in India, all difficulties seem to have vanished. To some extent it has been found possible to split up the camps and in all the people have been divided into groups according to the stress and nature of their needs. With a view to the winter many thousand huts are being built to take the place of the tents and the supply of rations has been increased. The sentimentalist, having no present subject of complaint, ask why such steps were not taken at the beginning. It is possible that if the services of skilled Indian officials had been available from the first, some muddling might have been prevented; but it is one thing to regulate a camp at leisure and another to supply luxuries when food is hard to procure, when trains are being wrecked and when the number of women and children in all states of health and destitution may be increased at a moment's notice.

It is by no means clear what the Departmental Committee that has been appointed by the Foreign Office and Admiralty to consider the question of Prize Law can do to remove such difficulties as arose in South Africa over the seizure of the "Herzog" and "Bundesrath". We did not come very well out of these affairs either because we were outwitted or were indiscreet; but at least we acted on a rule of law clearly laid down. Is the Committee going to overrule Lord Stowell? If we are afraid of raising complications with neutral States by acting on the rule that ships trading with contraband even between neutral ports may be seized, then it will be better that the instructions in the Manual should be revised. But if the Committee recommends this, it will be a concession to foreign opinion merely gratuitous and not founded on any more rational rule or principle.

Sir Andrew Clarke's death does not mean as much to the future of Australia as that of Cecil Rhodes to South Africa, but it means a good deal. He was the doyen of agents-general and first favourite for the High Commissionership of the Commonwealth. His experience of things Imperial was practically unrivalled, and United Australia and the Empire would have been fortunate if the services which latterly were given to Victoria could have been transferred to the federation. His knowledge of the Empire was that acquired as soldier, governor, surveyor and statesman; he was equally at home in the self-governing colonies and in dependencies which are under a benevolent despotism. Few men have served the Empire, in both subordinate and responsible capacities, in New Zealand, Australia, Singapore, India, West Africa and at home. There was nothing sensational in his work, but he was one of the keenest watchers over our imperial interests, and he leaves his mark on the defences of the Empire. A lesser man with a gift for self-advertisement would have enjoyed larger honours than fell to Sir Andrew Clarke.

Lord Curzon's tribute at Haidarabad to the Nizam was both well merited and well advised. Of the native States in India none has greater claim on the British Government than Haidarabad and none appeals more

profoundly to the student of Indian history in the last hundred years. The Nizam has known how to reconcile the interests and dignity of his State with the sense of security and the larger interests of the British Raj. The friendly relations of Haidarabad and Calcutta have, as the Viceroy said, been unbroken. No effort has ever been wanting on the part of the Nizam to adapt to the requirements of his own State the administrative reforms initiated by the Supreme Government, and the results have been as beneficial in the one case as in the other. There would be more native States in India to-day than there are if the example of British statesmen and the advice of British Residents had been as loyally accepted and followed as in Haidarabad. Whilst the compliments paid to the Nizam by Lord Curzon were in no sense overdone, approval from a Viceroy who has shown so keen a concern for the moral and physical welfare of the rising generation of Indian princes will have borne a double significance.

The laying of the "all British cable" has advanced one important stage. When completed it will connect Australia and New Zealand with Vancouver by a line passing through the Norfolk, the Fiji, and the Fanning islands, the points at which the cable will emerge. The connexion of Queensland and New Zealand with Norfolk Island was completed this week and has been the occasion of an interchange of compliments between the Postmaster of New Zealand and Mr. Chamberlain. There is room for mutual congratulations. The scheme appeals to the imagination in an admirably concrete manner and the stimulus of the idea will work well. Soon a circle of cables will be completed, for when at the end of the year that line has been finished, South Africa and Australia are to be joined by a cable passing over Mauritius.

A Parliamentary paper, which should be of immense value to British manufacturers, has just been issued. For a year or more at the instigation of Lord Cromer careful experiments have been made as to the merits of British Belgian and American engines. In quality the British engines were found to equal the American and greatly to excel the Belgian; and as compared with the American they scored from 25 to 50 per cent. in coal consumption, a degree of superiority which astonished the investigators. The one point in which our manufacturers are outdone in competition is time. The Americans would turn out any standard engine in one-fourth of the time required by ours and in case of any special pattern in one-third of the time. Some part of this superiority may be due to conditions of the country; but the chief reasons are the scientific precision with which the different parts are "standardised" and a greater readiness of Americans to prepare for emergencies. Though the Belgian engines are much cheaper, the cheapness is won by surrender of quality and the most satisfactory part of Lord Cromer's communication is the news that in the case of engines built to special specifications the English manufacturers can do the work even more cheaply than the Americans.

Poor Sir Robert Giffen has been misunderstood. The quite impartial foreign observer has jumped to the conclusion that the proposal to go back to indirect taxation implies the abandonment of Free trade. Nothing of the sort, says Sir Robert. There was Free trade before 1860, and if we return to the economic conditions of the fifties there will be Free trade still. Will Sir Robert Giffen kindly explain at what period we ever had Free trade in Great Britain? We have had a system of partially free imports which are not the same thing. Really for one who has a reputation for common sense Sir Robert Giffen's arguments verge on the ridiculous. Has he been upbraided by the Cobden Club? Or is he jealous of the compliment just paid by that body to Sir Michael Hicks Beach? Clearly if his statistical services in the cause of economic sanity are to be retained, we must be grateful for the facts and figures he supplies and conciliate his conscience by calling him something which he of all people must know he is not. Sir Robert Giffen's

belief that an Imperial Zollverein is an impossibility is to us a hopeful augury of its success. What Sir Robert Giffen regards as impracticable in 1902 he will support by statistics half a decade later. But in that event we should still have to salve his conscience by denouncing him as an opponent of an inter-imperial tariff.

Drawing semi-official information from Mr. Balfour is becoming one of the recognised amusements. Mr. Plummer has been as successful as General Buller, but in this latter case Mr. Balfour committed no impropriety in allowing himself to be tempted. The permissive clause, or the option given to City Councils to adopt Part III. of the new Bill, has been taken by Mr. Plummer and other amateur critics as a permission to stay, granted to the very grievance which the Bill is designed to oust. If the local authorities shall be unwilling, from want of sense, energy, or fear of the rates, to take the burden offered them, the doubling of authority which chiefly hampered frictionless progress of education will be still permitted and the voluntary schools would suffer. Such apparently was the gist of Mr. Plummer's conversation with Mr. Balfour. But in spite of Mr. Balfour's "four alternatives" he has not received a very satisfactory reply: the kernel of the question is still disregarded. Whether Mr. Balfour thought that he had been sufficiently drawn or whether the ingenuous statement of the difficulty and further consideration have caused him to weaken will not be known yet. But the Government does not appear to have any escape from the logical dilemma. If the City Councils hold back, the permissive clause will foil the intention of the Bill; if, in spite of Mr. Plummer's conviction, they should see the wisdom of taking over the new duties, where lies the advantage of an optional clause which will certainly produce vexatious debates?

The address of the President of the Conference of the National Union of Teachers, which has been sitting several days during the week at Bristol, was sufficiently appreciative of the Education Bill. But the speaker, as too many of the official representatives of teachers are so apt to do, underrated the question of the religious difficulty and indeed would like to make it to appear that the difficulty were non-existent. That is the professional cue and we quite understand the reason for it; but difficulties are not surmounted by ignoring them. As to the general tone of the discussions there was, as we have remarked before on such meetings, just a little too much of the trade-union view of matters. We are not at all inclined to make this a reproach in general but the teachers must remember that before all they claim to be educationists.

One amendment to the resolution approving of the Bill provided that the permissive clauses should be struck out and its provisions made compulsory was moved and supported by certain London teachers. Its object was to assert the principle of the direct election of the educational authority. It was rejected however by an overwhelming vote. The country teachers at least are better acquainted with the defects of the Board School system than some of the London members who shut their eyes to them and prefer to talk claptrap about handing over education to a body elected to look after the drains. It was a country teacher who asked the question, what was the magic of the ballot-box with regard to education? He answered his own question pointedly with the perfectly true observation that the only time the man in the street would get up to vote for these directly elected authorities was when somebody had put a halfpenny on the rates. The whole point is, and the more intelligent teachers see it clearly, that the function of the authority and not the mode of electing it is the only matter of importance. Unfortunately Mr. Macnamara induced the conference to adopt a reactionary position in respect to London.

The London Corporation decided a few weeks ago to reduce the salary of their Town Clerk from £3,500 to £2,000, and to make the office "subject to annual election". On the first point we have nothing to say

except that the City of London is paying the same as Leeds and Leicester. But to make the tenure of office annual seems to us most objectionable from every point of view. The reason why such splendid work is got out of officials like the Clerk of the House of Commons and our Civil servants is just because they hold their offices for life. Annual election may become a form; but none the less it makes the Town Clerk absolutely dependent upon the favour of the 232 members of the Court, and this makes honest and efficient service very difficult. It is placing the Town Clerk in a position quite inferior to the other great officers of the Corporation, such as the Remembrancer and the Solicitor.

The Bill which the London United Tramways Limited is promoting in Parliament this session will require very careful watching. It is very ambitious and in many ways very injurious. We are not sure that the entire Bill ought not to be rejected on preamble. Amongst other unusual privileges the company is asking for power to take parts of houses compulsorily. That is against the settled policy of English compensation law; and such power should never be given to private companies, and only sparingly to Municipal and County Councils. It would be much better if the tramway system of London were taken wholly out of the hands of companies and vested in the County Council or some other public authority. We are glad to hear that strenuous opposition is being offered to the Bill on the part of many public and private petitioners.

The part of the Bill which moves our indignation most strongly is the proposal to run a tram-line along the Terrace at Barnes. This is outrageous vandalism and at the same time reprehensible waste of investors' money. There is really no case for a tramway in that quarter. Communication by omnibus at the present time, and by motor-car in the future, is all that the inhabitants need. We are not surprised that the ratepayers generally and the frontagers in particular are petitioning against the Bill. Not only would a picturesque site with historic associations be ruined, but a thoroughfare, now too narrow for the traffic, would be rendered positively dangerous. There is simply not room between the Thames at high-water and the Terrace houses to admit of a tramway with reasonable accommodation for passengers either side of the line. If the company want to make the tram line, they should be compelled to take Barnes Terrace in its entirety when the compensation charge would be prohibitive. Very properly the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Clubs and the metropolitan clubs are petitioning the Thames Conservancy to oppose the Bill, and we believe the Conservancy will do so. We hope some members of Parliament saw the Boat Race the other day from Barnes Terrace; they would then appreciate the enormity proposed by the Bill. If by good fortune these members should happen to be on the select committee to which the Bill is referred, Barnes Terrace will be safe and the Bill doomed.

There is a certain appropriateness about that old criticism of us: "ils s'amusent tristement selon le coutume de leur pays", which Froissart did not intend. The tale of Easter amusements always coincides with a list of serious accidents. But this Easter London has been exceptionally free while Paris has suffered not a little from excesses of holiday-making. In the outskirts of Paris two bands of ruffians fought each other on Easter Sunday and it is thought that several will succumb to their injuries; and altogether the Latin Quarter has made unusually bad use of the Easter holiday. One serious shipwreck, described by some posters as an "Easter Calamity", occurred in the Channel. The Southampton-Havre ship "Alma", with a large number of tourists on board crashed during a storm of rain into the barque "Cambrian Princess". She was described as lifted out of the water by the shock and sank so quickly that eleven of the crew were drowned before the boats could reach them.

Dr. Johnson "should be living at this hour"; Scotland hath need of him, especially the Scottish Patriotic

Association. It has just forwarded to the Convention of Royal Burghs a protest against the King's title; and the convention voted, after discussion, on three motions—one to take no action as the title was the King's choice; another to pass on to the next business; and a third to ask the King to delete the numeral VII. Nine Scotchmen, who certainly had not been "caught young", voted in favour of "deleting the numeral VII." The latinity of the phrase would have pleased Dr. Johnson not less than the fine instances of unconscious humour in the framing of the motions. No fewer than 50,000 Scots signed this delightful protest; and the fact again bears out Dr. Johnson's favourite point. Talking on the subject with Wilkes he once professed to see no reason why any particular Scotchman should be tried in the courts on the ground that "one Scotchman was as good as another". Scotland is indeed a grand country for logic and learning. In what other country would you find 50,000 people so informed with historical argument as to feel acutely the logical barrier to the "numeral VII." when affixed to a King who is the first Edward since the Acts of Union.

Lord Rosebery, it seems, is an executor under Mr. Rhodes' will. During a House of Commons debate on the Raid, a Unionist twitted the Opposition with having a short time before heaped honours on Mr. Rhodes whom they now reviled. "Why, you made him a Privy Councillor!" said the M.P. looking straight at the Leader of the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt shook his head. "Well, at any rate Lord Rosebery did", continued the speaker: and Sir William looked pleased: it was just what he wanted. But Lord Rosebery was after all to come out of it a great deal better than Sir William. Did he not keep still all the time Mr. Rhodes was under a heavy shade? He had nothing to do with the South Africa Committee, that great fiasco—we can imagine that Lord Randolph would have found a worse name for it than that. Now that Mr. Rhodes' name is once more on the lips of all men, and the note one of admiration, hey presto, Lord Rosebery reappears! Is it not, in a small way, perfect? And there may be room for another beautiful oration on a strong man: surely the name of Rhodes can presently be added to those of Cromwell, Pitt, Alfred the Great?

The Bank returns of Thursday are of a satisfactory nature having regard to the period under review. The close of the fiscal year doubtless influenced payments on account of Government and is largely responsible for the diminution of £1,998,200 in the public deposits. The obligations of the market to the central institution were reduced by £1,623,650 and other deposits also fell by £729,890. The sum of £36,000 in gold on balance was received from abroad but the outflow of coin to the provinces usual at the close of the month caused a decline in the coin and bullion of £822,255. The active note circulation contracted by £644,205 and the resultant of the various changes was a decrease in the reserve of £178,050 and an increase in the proportion of 1'64 per cent. to 41'69 per cent.

The stock markets have been quite inactive during the past week. Consols close somewhat higher than at the opening but at the time of writing the rumour that Mr. Steyn has refused to negotiate for peace has had a weakening effect, and the premier security does not close at the best. Home Railway stocks have been neglected and the result is a drooping tendency with the exception of the Southern lines. The market in American Rails has been stagnant with a slight revival in business consequent on the improvement of Thursday in Wall Street; it is quite probable that this section will become more active as the crop prospects gain shape. The South African mining market has been steady but there has been little fresh business; there appears to be no disposition to increase commitments on this side but buying orders have come from the Continent, more especially from Paris. Copper shares had a rise during the week but have since relapsed to about the opening prices. The remaining markets have shown no feature of interest. Consols 94½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February, 1902).

AN APPRECIATION OF CECIL RHODES.

THE simultaneous service in S. Paul's Cathedral and the burial near Bulawayo next Thursday will bring home to us more impressively than pages of rhetoric or statistics the pregnant fact of the age we live in—the knitting together of the mother country and the colonies. Cecil John Rhodes, (as were Nelson and Tennyson the son of a country parson), is the first Englishman who has extracted from a colonial career a position of Imperial influence and fame. Most Englishmen go out to the colonies either as officials or business men sorely against the grain and with their noses in the air, that they may save enough to live upon at home. As soon as they have scraped together sufficient for their purpose, they scuttle home, never dreaming of interesting themselves in the politics of the colony to which fate has consigned them. Accident, which always co-operates with genius, sent Rhodes to South Africa in his youth, and intuitively he saw a political and pecuniary feature in that then neglected part of the world. He threw himself, soul and body, into the business and the politics of South Africa. While other young men of his time were lounging about chambers in the Temple, or cramming for a Civil Service examination, or serving as a "runner" to a stockbroker, Rhodes was sorting diamonds at Kimberley and canvassing a Dutch constituency in the Cape Colony. No doubt much of his early prestige and success among the colonials was due to the fact that he was not an Afrikaner by birth; that he was a young Englishman of the upper-middle class, fresh from Oxford. We have spoken of the strange co-operation of chance with genius. It was an accident that young Rhodes went to South Africa for his health: an accident that diamonds were discovered in a pit near Kimberley: an accident that the banket formation was struck on the Witwatersrand: an accident that the dreamy youth fell in with Beit and Barnato. But life is made up of accidents, and the genius is he who seizes them and turns them to his own account. "C'est mon bien: je le prends où je le trouve", as Molière said, when accused of stealing a good thing. Rhodes turned everybody and everything to account. It is quite possible that at one period of his career he was not loyal to the British connexion, and meditated a South African confederacy, with himself as President. Who can or who would wish to pry into that Bluebeard's chamber an ambitious mind, with all its discarded and decapitated brides? The dull race hatred of the Dutch thwarted the young enthusiast's plans, and threw him, so to say, into the arms of the British Empire, luckily for him. Northern expansion became his policy, and like all successful men he harped upon one large, simple, idea. For it is the second of Rhodes' distinguishing notes of greatness that in an age of chattering and scribbling he made his contemporaries think his ideas without any rhetorical power whatsoever. He was a wretched speaker, cold, incoherent, and without vocabulary, and he never put pen to paper. But he was not above practising upon ordinary men the little charlatan tricks of genius. It is true that a red-coloured map of South Africa lay upon the table of his sitting-room in his London hotel, and that for the benefit of anyone who happened to come in Rhodes would draw his thumb diagonally across from south-west to north-east, and say "That is where I am going".

It requires a robust belief in the blessings of British rule to reconcile the student of facts to the annexation of that huge territory known as Rhodesia. A paper was got out of the Chief Lobengula giving Rhodes the right to dig for minerals and precious stones, and on that basis the Charter was granted by the Crown. A subsequent quarrel was without much difficulty fixed upon the old and gouty savage, who was pursued to death, when by an easy transition the land became the property of the company. That is pretty much the way in which all barbarous countries come within the pale of civilisation, and it does not do to be squeamish. The ultimate benefit is unquestionably to the British Empire, and through it to mankind. About the Raid we have only this to say:

that viewing the event as dispassionately as we may, and aided by the light of recent experience, we think the Government made a mistake, almost as serious as that of the Raid itself, in not trying Rhodes under the Foreign Enlistment Act along with Dr. Jameson and his coadjutors. Had he been acquitted, the blame would have rested upon the jury, not upon the Government. Had he been convicted, the easy imprisonment would have done him no harm, morally or physically, and it would have done the empire a great deal of good. In either event we should have been spared the pitiful and suspicious farce of the parliamentary committee. We happen to know that no one was more surprised than Rhodes himself at his being let off without a trial. It is the custom of a certain school of, we will not say historians, but writers for the press, to describe Clive and Hastings as hardly treated by an ungrateful nation. No one can say that of Cecil Rhodes, for surely to no one's errors was more indulgence ever extended, unless we except the case of Lord Dundonald, (and in his case guilt is to say the least doubtful) who after being imprisoned for fraudulent conspiracy was restored to his rank of admiral of the fleet and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The tomb of a great man, to quote the fine phrase of Pericles, is not a particular spot, but the whole world. The grave of Cecil Rhodes is not in the Matoppos hills but the British Empire. In a peculiar degree he is the common pride and possession of every Briton, in whatever part of the world he may be. From Vancouver to Hong Kong, from Capetown to Caithness his fame had flown, and on the continent of Europe he was as well known as Mr. Chamberlain and more admired. Fifty years hence, we believe, a century hence, we are certain, Rhodes will appear as a much bigger figure than any of his contemporaries. The reputation of some statesmen declines, that of others rises, after death. Gladstone's name, for instance, has sensibly dwindled in potency and favour; while Beaconsfield has doubled his popularity in his grave. The reason is that Gladstone worked through words, whose effect if tremendous is transient, while Disraeli worked through ideas, which generally take time to be understood. Rhodes too worked through ideas, and his fame will therefore go on growing. If we have dwelt with apparent lack of sympathy on his errors and methods, it has not been done in malice, or with any wish to derogate from his greatness. But it is necessary to preserve some sort of moral balance, and to remind the world of the consequences of the actions of its heroes. The faults of one great man are a far more seductive example than the virtues of fifty thousand mediocrities. If we required proof of that it is only necessary to turn over the foolish and indiscriminating praise that has been heaped on Cecil Rhodes. It is therefore well to adjust the scales a little, and to apply the ordinary standard of morality even to so eccentric a thing as genius. And surely it was the very intuition of genius that caused the undergraduate to realise that nothing could be done in the present world without plenty of money. How many men full of ideas and enthusiasm have been wrecked for want of pence! Cecil Rhodes could neither have read this, nor known it by experience: it was his inspiration. Much of his fortune in latter days was made for him by others, for he had no head for details, although the foundation of his pile, the amalgamation of the diamond mines at Kimberley, was due to his own patience and power of bending men to his will.

Did Rhodes make Imperialism, or did Imperialism make Rhodes? It is the old question whether the individual or the world is more, about which philosophers, poets, and historians will go on disputing. The truth no doubt lies between the two points. As Gladstone said of oratory, the speaker must take something from as well as give something to his audience. The leader inspires and is inspired by his generation. It will be, or we are mistaken, Rhodes' solid title to the gratitude of posterity that he killed the Little Englander. By his deeds rather than by his words Cecil Rhodes called England out of a creeping lethargy, and bade her statesmen not to be afraid to possess the earth. Of the details of his private

life we have already heard much, and shall soon enough hear more. He seemed to prefer the society of his inferiors, a weakness common to most strong and shy natures, to whom opposition is intolerable. Men who were not useful to him, either as instruments of policy or boon companions, he did not care to know. Of friendship in the ordinary acceptance of the term, liking a man for himself, he had no idea, perhaps because he had not been to a public school. It has been well said that friendship cannot subsist with ceremony or without civility. In latter years Rhodes alternated between ceremony and incivility, that is to say, he was either enveloped in the *morgue* of a personage, or he was domineering over his familiars. There were one or two exceptions, of course, but this was the general characteristic of his social relations for the last few years. In thinking of his early death one cannot but be struck by the number of great men who have died in the last hundred years under the age of fifty—Byron, Napoleon, Pitt, Randolph Churchill, Cecil Rhodes. All died of some definite disease, but the end of each was hastened by cerebral excitement or worry. It is the old story of

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay."

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

THE subjects of discussion before the Fulham Conferences were the two most explicit and seemingly unambiguous declarations of the Gospel, affecting Christian life in the most practical and necessary way. Yet inasmuch as the learned and fair-minded disputants conceived themselves bound to approach the meaning of those declarations almost entirely as an open question, with but scanty reference to the teaching and practice of the Church during eighteen centuries, the views revealed proved even more divergent on the subject of Penance than they had been on the far more mysterious doctrine of the Eucharist. Dr. Wace's Report of the second Conference, however, exemplifies the ability of Englishmen, without ever coming to close quarters with a problem, to talk ably and wisely all round it. Perhaps if the subject of Absolution had been kept separate from that of Confession and Direction more result might have been attained. The former is a doctrinal and theological topic. But the duty or desirability of confessing and of seeking ghostly counsel and advice is a matter of expediency and ecclesiastical regulation. Confession, especially in the article of death, (as in the cases of Bayard and S. Louis on the battle-field) may be made to a layman, and should not ordinarily be heard by any minister but a "discreet and learned" one—the phrase is taken from the old canon law. But authority to absolve is essentially official, and is given, at any rate in the English ordinal, to the youngest priest.

And here is the *res acu tangenda*, the matter which disturbs the conscience of the average clergyman. If he preaches an occasional cautious sermon about Confession (to the lazy bewilderment of some of his listeners and the indignation of others), it is not so much because he feels he really knows nothing of the interior life of those whose spiritual guide he is, or because he is aware that a respectable church-going outside conceals many a cancer of deeply eating sin, but it is because he cannot help asking himself in what way he, or nine out of ten of his brother clergy, has ever carried out the solemn charge—which Principal Gee at Fulham said "represents a man's whole commission" and which Andrewes inexactly declared to constitute "the very operative words" of ordination—to retain and forgive the sins of individuals. No doubt the words of Our Lord include the conditions of baptism and communion and (as was agreed at the Conference) the entire relation of the Church to the sins of men, the "ministry", i.e. administration and stewardship, of the Word and Sacraments. But the clergyman we are supposing has never in the course of his ministerial career repelled anyone from the font or the altar, and indeed discipline in these respects pertains not to him but to the bishop. Similarly with reconciliation. He is uneasily conscious of being

an officer of a church which until the recent not always discreet revival of auricular confession had for two centuries allowed its entire penitential system, whether public or private, to lapse, though discipline is authoritatively declared to be one of the notes of a true Church, and is one which, in some shape or other, no part of the Catholic Society, with the exception of Georgian Anglicanism, has ever lacked. He sees it plainly written in the Prayer-book and Canons and practised, as soon as the Elizabethan chaos was suppressed, from Hooker onwards to the Nonjuring era, the Courts Christian inflicting penance for notorious sins, and the most unlikely people, such as Monk and Selden, making at least a death-bed confession of secret ones. Thackeray quite correctly represents Esmond's angel-like protectress as having a spiritual adviser and Lord Castlewood as confessing when dying to Dean Atterbury. There was a Confessor of the Royal Household till 1859, when the prevailing popular agitation led to the alteration of the title to Chaplain.

It is very desirable that recent developments of Confession should be scrutinised in the light of expert examination of first principles. Our formularies undoubtedly regard auricular confession and absolution as medicine rather than food, and guard against the substitution of a mechanical system, which found a logical culmination in "la pénitence tarifée" of the fifteenth century, for a state of self-humiliation before God. If those formularies, as revised in 1552, show some signs of excessive reaction, there is certainly a danger here and there of the pendulum swinging back, for want of authoritative regulation, in a mediæval direction. The bishops ought to appoint an order of discreet, devout and experienced penitentiaries. Not all dislike of the confessional is ignorant clamour; but it is impossible to acquit of clamour those who object to this precaution, which the "Times" itself advocates. The preference of the Prayer-book for a revival of the "godly discipline of the Primitive Church", with its public confession of special sins and open penances and reconciliations, is more and more unlikely to be realised. On the other hand the secret "opening of griefs" to raw curates and unskilful stewards of divine mysteries is to be deprecated. We therefore urge regulation. And prejudice against "confessional boxes", a common-sense device of the Jesuits to prevent over close contact between penitent and confessor, ought not to prevent insistence on confessions being heard openly in the church: not, that is, in the vestry, but in a "shriving pew" or at the chancel or altar-rail. It is feared by some that auricular confession, thus regularised, will come to be thought a normal duty. But abnormal does not necessarily mean exceptional and rare. Grievous sin is abnormal, but is very common. Consciences burdened and needing the "comfortable salve" of a special absolution, together with spiritual diagnosis, can never be rare. The criticism which we have to make on the standpoint of the majority of the speakers at Fulham is that what ought ideally to be the spiritual condition of Christians, one of filial peace towards heaven with a sacramental remedy provided for the relief of harassed consciences, is confused by them with the actual condition of men and women as we know them. The official view is that the great multitude have made their peace with God in their own hearts, while a few who are too weak-minded and deficient in faith to do this are permitted an exceptional assurance of the needlessness of their fears. As a matter of fact those who go to confession—sensitive undergraduates, tender-hearted women, devout men, and some, both men and women, who like to gossip about their sins—are usually those who need it least, while multitudes of the blind, the diseased and the possessed go cheerfully about their way, and pass unhelped, and unconscious that they need help, to their final account. We are wholly against any attempt to make confession compulsory, or a condition of Confirmation. There is surely a fallacy in Lord Halifax's analogy from Holy Communion, as not compulsory and yet a divinely appointed duty. But it is absurd to forbid a clergyman to put an affectionate, fatherly pressure on a young soldier going off to the war, or a stable-lad about to be confirmed, or a rough miner whom he wants to reclaim, to kneel down and

make a clean breast of it. There is no fear in our day of excessive strictness in preaching the Cross. It is not only a sick man who needs to be "moved to make a special confession of his sins", and tens of thousands are kept from being communicants for want of such a ministry of reconciliation. Primitive Christianity fenced the altar, especially before Easter, with a tribunal of public penitence. When this system became impossible a less painful way was provided by which unhappy hearts might seek a formal and authoritative restoration to that peace of the Church and protection of the Fold, from which all guilt, known or secret, severs the soul. To this the parson, George Herbert says, "persuades" his people.

We cannot now enter into the question, what theologically is the effect of Absolution? It is a "benefit" defined as "remission of sins", rather than of punishment or ecclesiastical censures. Besides, an ordinary priest has no power to remit or retain ecclesiastical penalties. To make forgiving sins mean preaching or talking about forgiveness, and retaining sins mean mere warning against them, is pure rationalism. Nor are Our Lord's words satisfied by the Church's authority to define what is sin and what not. A simple presbyter has no commission to do this. The plain Christian asks why need the Divine words be glossed at all? "By His authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the Name, &c." It is release to the soul rather than relief to the feelings which is here conveyed. We have no right to say that in the moment the transgressor's heart turns, his sins are washed away. St. Paul's were not washed away till his baptism. Nor can we object "claves errare posse". To give or refuse baptism is undeniably an exercise of the keys. A person may be mistakenly admitted to the Fold or excluded from it. Almighty God can set this right. But the action of the Church is so far ratified in heaven that the covenanted sacramental relation to grace exists thenceforth in the one case, and does not exist in the other. A man may be wrongfully excommunicated. But Dollinger, after his excommunication, never again said mass or (at any rate till dying) received Communion. The subject does not lend itself to dialectics. But it is plain that an absolved penitent is free to approach the altar, a penitent whose absolution is deferred is not free. There is one last point to mention. The rather democratic tendencies of modern High-churchmanship appear in the disposition to defend sacerdotal authority as merely the exercise of its powers by the royal priesthood of Christians through its appointed organs. The phrase is ambiguous. The organs were "given" and commissioned by Christ, not by the Society, and it is just in this doctrine that the Church must always be in conflict with Liberal presuppositions. However the view, pressed by the Evangelical members of the Conference, that Our Lord gave the commission to all the disciples present is at any rate the abandonment of their older view that it was a personal gift to the Apostles, to die with their death.

TEXTILE AND OTHER BRITISH TRUSTS.

THE conditions of success or failure in the attempt in our country to substitute for the competition of individual traders the organisation of the trust system on the American model are worth examining in the light of the experience derived from several instances of actual combinations. It is more especially interesting at present when the amazing contest is being carried on between the American Tobacco Trust and the Imperial Tobacco Company for the control of the British trade. If we may draw an inference from the non-success of certain combinations already formed here, directly traceable to defects of organisation which the successful American trusts have learned by experience to avoid, we should expect that the American trust would prove itself better equipped for the struggle than its British rival.

It is certainly a new feature in the history of the British trust that it is brought into this struggle for supremacy with a rival American "combine". We are concerned however with the more domestic question of the management of such British trusts as have already

been formed and why some have succeeded and others failed. They furnish an antithesis of dismal failure and brilliant success, and it is desirable to inquire into the formation and management of several of them to ascertain the cause of the difference. As the more recent examples of this varied experience we may mention the case of the Yorkshire Woolcombers' Association which is in no better a position than it was six months ago, and that of the English Sewing Cotton Company, in contrast with the great steel amalgamations of Guest, Keen & Co. with Nettlefolds, and Vickers Sons & Maxim with Beardmore & Co. The phenomenal profits earned by the great sewing-thread firm of J. & P. Coats, whose capital is now £10,000,000, undoubtedly gave the impetus to the combination movement which has proceeded so fast in the textile trades, but the circumstances of its formation were as unique as its profits. The four main firms—Coats', Clarke's, Chadwick's, and Brook's—had already been in business some seventy years when they amalgamated in 1896; they had not only made their names household words in Britain but they had built up huge businesses on the Continent and in America; they had already tested their capacity for combination by experience of a joint selling agency; and they could show aggregate profits of over £900,000 a year. They amalgamated not for defence but for conquest. The Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association were not driven to combine in 1898 by stress of competition either domestic or foreign. They could say that their "business has been marked by considerable steadiness for many years. Profits have not fluctuated greatly, and the business has not been of a speculative character." They could also reckon upon the conservative instincts of their customers who were particularly unwilling to risk the spoiling of expensive fabrics by using unknown marks of yarn. Their motive for union was the desire to realise the economies and increased efficiency resulting from combination, and since their formation they have succeeded in establishing a monopoly of the spinning of fine or Sea Island cotton. A third successful "trust" is the Bradford Dyers' Association which comprised on its formation, in December 1898, 90 per cent. of the piece-goods dyers in the Bradford trade, a proportion since increased. Like the cotton spinners they could show a wide market, an established trade, good profits, and a reasonable valuation of goodwill at about three years' purchase of the profits. Their latest development of policy is to bind their customers closer to them by conferring with a permanent committee of merchants as to their mutual relations.

Taking these three successful combinations as models, let us look at some of those whose shares are quoted at heavy discounts. The curious notion prevails in some circles that the addition of ciphers will produce a profit, and that a number of men who have failed to conduct their own concerns successfully will when assembled round a table be able to manage a huge business; but that view is scarcely borne out by the facts. There is no magic in a round table, nor can we depend upon a trust "muddling through somehow", to use the classic phrase. The English Sewing Cotton Company could not show in its prospectus any profits earned by the constituent companies, so great had been the under-cutting of prices; but still over one-fourth of the purchase price represented the "value" of trade-marks and goodwill. Exactly what goodwill amounted to in the case of "businesses which were confessedly in serious difficulties", as the vice-chairman afterwards admitted, is a puzzle, but the public allured by the participation of Messrs. Coats rushed in. For a time dividends were paid out of profits made by the flotation of the American Thread Company, but when this adventitious support was exhausted collapse came. Between the upper millstone of J. & P. Coats who forbade intrusion into their foreign preserves and the nether millstone of the small private companies which cut prices the trade of the English Company went to pieces. "The existing conditions of the company had been too much for the experiences and capabilities of the directors", to quote again from the vice-chairman's apology. "It was an awful mistake to put into control of the various businesses of the company the men

from whom the businesses were purchased, because these men had got into one groove and could not get out of it." The Yorkshire Woolcombers afford another example of over-capitalisation. The records of the Inspector in Bankruptcy show that one firm purchased for £43,700 could only prove assets worth £5,545, a fact which goes a good way to justify the supposition that the £700,000 deferred ordinary shares taken by the vendors did not represent value but were a bonus given to induce them to join the combination. More important is the demonstration made by two years' trading that a trust cannot stem a great trade movement. During the last two years the wool trade has been depressed beyond precedent owing partly to the industrial collapse in Germany, and when wool-buyers were restricting their purchases woolcombers naturally lacked employment. We must add that the combining firms had their efficiency reduced by reckless price-cutting, and that Messrs. Holden's, the strongest firm in the trade, stood out, before we can fully appreciate the fact that in the depression Messrs. Holden could pay 2½ per cent. dividend while the Woolcombers have a heavy debit balance. The bad times in the wool trade have also had an adverse effect on the British Cotton and Wool Dyers' Association, though it embraced 85 per cent. of the trade, and the falling-off of one quarter of the cotton and wool previously dyed has raised the expense of the rest of the business. At the annual meeting last summer the chairman admitted that if the directors had known the character and standing of some of the concerns before they had been included in the prospectus, they would have been omitted. This was a confession of colossal neglect of duty, for the purchase money of the forty-six companies was £1,779,092, tangible assets being £913,063, and "goodwill &c." equivalent to about eight years' profits. The Calico Printers' Association repeats the pitiable tale of directorial incapacity. "In plain English", said the chairman, "they were not equal to the task. The situation created by the amalgamation of concerns which had in the past keenly competed against each other, and which had been worked upon widely different lines, was so novel that serious mistakes were made". Exactly the situation which the Bradford Dyers faced successfully! In fact it is a case of "too many cooks"; there are 84 directors "but imperfectly acquainted with each other", so naturally there have been divergence of views and, as the chairman complained, "much opposition and obstruction". Out of the huge capital of £8,200,000 the goodwill was taken at a little over one year's profits. As the business of calico printing was represented to be "unusually safe", we can only conclude that some of the firms were never worth the money paid for them and that the assets were valued in an optimistic way, otherwise the fall in the value of the shares and the diminution in profits is inexplicable.

The Bleachers' Association is an excellent example of a good bargain spoiled by greed. The trade of the 53 companies was "steady", "prosperous" and "safe", without bad debts, and prices had been regulated by voluntary agreements. But out of the capital of £6,750,000 a sum of £2,754,000 or over seven years' profits is offset by goodwill. This time the public had learned something, and the ordinary shares were left to the vendors, who consequently can set their "honesty of purpose", as their chairman boasted, against the profits which the stagnation in trade would not let them earn.

The lessons to be drawn are brief but important. It is perhaps too much to expect that the excellent example of Guest Keen & Nettlefolds in putting no value on their goodwill should be universally adopted, but at least three years' purchase of average profits should never be exceeded. The new requirements of the Company Laws as to the separate specification of purchase price and goodwill for each business included in the flotation will certainly tend to reduce over-capitalisation, but in the long run investors must be their own guardians. The American example of having small boards of directors should also be adopted instead of filling the board-rooms with mobs of fifty or eighty, and American promptitude in getting rid of incapable

managers might also be imitated with advantage. Lastly, it must be taken into the account that Britain is a free-import country, and that therefore a bankrupt trade cannot restore its fortunes by simply combining and putting up prices as in America. The only combinations that can succeed in this country are those which are built up on successful businesses and are run on moderate principles by efficient managers.

THE LIGHTING OF RAILWAY TRAINS.

A MORE exact title for this article might be the non-lighting of railway carriages, or the half-lighting, or the intermittent lighting, of these public vehicles which from one reason or another are chambers of varied torture. But as there is no omnibus word in the English language to express all the varied degrees of imperfectly illuminated darkness which the railway companies inflict upon a helpless travelling public, we must use the word which expresses most nearly the fact that the lighting arrangements of railway carriages are disgraceful. In one carriage there will be a smoking oil lamp enclosed in a dirty hemisphere of bad thick glass, so opaque by virtue of its own badness or by the accumulated dust of ages that what greasy light there is cannot struggle through to serve any useful purpose. In another carriage there will be a constellation or double star, each of very uncertain magnitude, and both together not equal to one decent ordinary gas jet to be found in a private house. Elsewhere there will be carriages electrically lighted, and wherever this happens one may be sure to find the very hypocrisy of illumination. It is so irritating because it is so pretentious. In reality it is not in most cases the least bit of an improvement on the old-fashioned oil, or the gradually decadent gas which, if it were animate, and endowed with the gift of human irony and satire, might jeer at the parvenu for its poor, cheap, thin flashiness, fizzing and flickering irregularly through the darkness. As you pass down a line of carriages you will observe various degrees of illumination, and for the most part it will be the electrically lit carriages that are found to be most impossible for the purpose of reading, or at least for casting a light sufficiently cheerful to be an improvement on the darkness. Are directors aware that physiologically the frank non-lighting of carriages would be more beneficial to the nerves of the travelling public than a light which the eyes have to strain to see? There is something soothing in darkness. For those who are not invalids, and therefore not accustomed to sleep under the flicker of a night-light, sleep is quite as impossible with the ordinary light of a railway carriage as it would be with a fine full illumination making things cheerful, and enabling the time to be passed with reading not now to be thought of. But this may be expecting from directors too much knowledge of the fact that their travellers are creatures of flesh and blood and nerves, who can be driven into paroxysms of indignation and bad language, when with Goethe they exclaim for more light, and with Milton that there is no light but rather darkness visible.

What we may reasonably expect them to know is that in the majority of cases if you come during the course of your transit from carriage to carriage to one that is unlighted it will be a first-class carriage electrically fitted. The light will have gone out, probably in arriving at the station: for it is one of the inexplicable mysteries of electric lighting, at least to a layman, why that light suddenly shuts off as the train draws up to the platform. Is it intended that it should? We ask because it seems quite as automatic as the arrangement for declaring the names of stations on the District Railway. It must be a patent: a device so obviously convenient and useful must have been evolved by genius, and purchased by railway directors who never allow anything to pass unnoticed and unappropriated which can contribute to the comfort and happiness of their passengers. If the question is asked, does the patent act only for the use of first-class carriages, we have to recall the fact mentioned above that amidst the diverse methods of lighting, the first-

class carriages naturally get what electric light is going, and therefore, though there is no special patented apparatus for shutting off first-class carriages alone, they get shut off as part of the general benefit of the patent. It is due to that undue preference for first-class passengers for which envious third-class passengers are always reproaching the railway companies. We hope these invidious distinctions will some day be abolished, and that we may arrive at the continuous, pleasant, satisfying and universal irradiation, that diffuses itself through the luxurious electric car, which by comparison turns our railway carriages into antiquated remainders of a sordid and shabby past. Can it be that until all vehicles, the railway carriage and the 'bus, are run by electricity that we can have no steady and effective electric lighting? Does electricity refuse to act cheerfully as the lighter-up to motor powers inferior to itself? If that is so, we shall yet have to endure for many long years the inartistic chiaroscuro of our railway carriages, at least on our remoter journeys, and the lighting of railway trains will remain to be explained on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*.

THE INVENTOR OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

ALTHOUGH Signor Marconi is not the inventor, but the skilled exploiter, of telegraphy without wires, everyone must admire the splendid success of his achievement in sending intelligible signals over fifteen hundred miles across the Atlantic. Of ultimate success in establishing regular wireless communication between the two continents there can be no question. The original inventor of the wireless telegraph, Professor Oliver Lodge, had supposed its limits of operation to be a few hundred yards. Signor Marconi two years later gave us reason to think that the range might be extended to a few miles. He pushed his methods till he attained distances of twenty, thirty, even ninety miles. Suddenly he astonishes us with messages to Newfoundland consisting of but a single repeated letter: and lastly he receives from England intelligible records upon a ship that is nearing the American coast.

To the uninitiated this sudden extension of range seemed so remarkable that the news from Newfoundland was received with much incredulity. Those however were not taken by surprise who knew Signor Marconi and were aware of the extensive preparations made at the station at Poldhu, of the powerful engine employed to drive the alternator, of the array of twenty masts over two hundred feet high erected to constitute a transmitting battery for the electric waves. The success was the outcome of a determined plan of campaign. This brilliant result marks however a change in the instrumental methods adopted by Signor Marconi. It may be worth while to attempt in untechnical language to explain wherein the difference lies. The two methods may be distinguished by the names of their respective originators as the method of Lodge and the variety due to Tesla.

In the method of Lodge, the Hertzian waves (or electric waves) generated by a snapping spark between the polished balls of a so-called "oscillator" are received at the distant station upon a receiving apparatus consisting of an extended arm or conductor in combination with a "coherer", a sensitive tube containing minute metal filings, by means of which a local battery is relayed on to a suitable telegraphic instrument, usually a Morse sounder or recorder. The coherer is kept in its sensitive state by receiving gentle vibrations from an automatic "tapper". Every time that a spark is caused to pass in the oscillator a flight of ethereal waves is sent out; and each such flight of waves acting through the coherer at the receiving end delivers a signal in the telegraphic instrument. By careful experimenting and unstinting expenditure on instruments Signor Marconi gradually increased the range of working from the two hundred yards of Lodge's earlier successes up to ninety miles and more. He elongated the extended arm or aerial conductor: he used finer powders in the coherer: he used more sensitive telegraphic receivers; and he perfected under the meaningless name of "jigger" the induction-coils in prior use.

In the apparatus of Tesla torrents of high-frequency sparks are poured out from a secondary induction-coil at a place in the circuit where the discharge is blown aside by a magnetic field or—as in Elihu Thomson's variant—by a blast of air. Every one of such recurring sparks starts its own wave, with effects that are cumulative and therefore capable of being detected at much greater distances. The particular disposition of machinery at Poldhu is understood to be due to Professor Fleming. The precise nature of the detecting instrument used by Signor Marconi in Newfoundland has not been made public: but in the successful communications made in mid-Atlantic a coherer relayed upon a recording telegraph instrument was employed.

When Signor Marconi came to this country five years ago, and conducted experiments under the aegis of the Post Office officials across the Bristol Channel, he was still employing the Righi "oscillator," and the method of Lodge, with a coherer to relay the signals to a telegraph instrument, and an automatic tapper. From the patent which he took out about that time—a document in which he apparently puts himself forward as the inventor of oscillator, coherer, tapper and all—it would appear that the only real point of novelty that he could embody in his claims was that of connecting one end of his coherer to the earth while the other was connected to an elevated and insulated conductor. All else is simply detail or surplusage. It is a very thin claim and has this inherently weak point, that it is quite easy to make a coherer work in some other way—as in fact Lodge did at an earlier, and Professor Slaby at a later date. The man, however, who in 1897 wants to get valid patents must avoid actually claiming the things made public in England in 1894. So it was probably wise of Signor Marconi to avoid making any broad claims to the coherer, the automatic tapper, or any of the features of wireless telegraphy already invented by Lodge. He does not claim them, though audaciously describing them as novelties. Nor do Professor Slaby and Count Arco make any such broad claims in the system of wireless telegraphs which they have independently perfected, and which has been adopted in the German Navy. Both Signor Marconi and Professor Slaby must be content to patent details only—each his own—since neither of them can put himself in the position where Oliver Lodge stands as the original inventor.

Now comes the amusing turn of the whole business. Flushed with his trans-Atlantic success, Signor Marconi, though he has never once dared to contradict the prior claims of Professor Lodge, sends, through some of his underlings, communications to the news agencies whining about the doings of Professor Slaby and Count Arco. His grumbles are duly cabled over from New York and find credence in the English press. But the Slaby-Arco system is as much a lineal descendant of Lodge's earlier work as is Signor Marconi's. Both of them employ Lodge's methods, in that both of them use a coherer to relay Herzian waves upon a telegraphic receiver; and both of them employ an automatic tapper. Eliminate these features, due to Lodge, of coherer-relay and tapper, and both Marconi and Slaby collapse. So Marconi, who uses—without acknowledgment—these devices of Lodge, mouths out denunciations of Slaby, who dares to use the same devices for the same purpose! It is a pretty quarrel. If Signor Marconi imagines that his thin patent claims entitle him to a monopoly of the æther for the purpose of transmitting signals he is much mistaken. His dog-in-the-manger policy toward Professor Slaby is simply silly, and the more so because neither of them can either transmit or receive a single "wireless" message in the United States without infringing the patents of Professor Oliver Lodge. It seems like the irony of fate that Professor Lodge, the well-known Principal of the University of Birmingham, after expounding the principles of wireless telegraphy in London and at Oxford in 1894, should find himself pushed aside, first by the Italian, who by dint of advertisement gains the public ear, and then by the German professor, and yet should actually stand master of the trans-Atlantic situation because he holds the master-patents in the United States. It is said that Lloyds has made an agreement with Signor Marconi for fourteen years. Perhaps Lloyds was not aware of the question as to where the

patent rights lie. Signor Marconi may whine as he pleases about other men snatching the rewards from a scientific investigator; that is precisely what he himself has been trying to do for these last four or five years, his victim being the Englishman who was first in the field, and who, if he but knew it, is to-day master of the situation.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

THOUGH it be true that Nature never moves per saltum, yet in her outward manifestations at least she often takes a very well-marked stride. The cycle of the year's changes is not altogether a smooth lapse as of a stream, but often rather resembles the alternate pause and fling of breakers on the shore. This is very visible in the first coming of Spring, an advent which in nine years out of ten may be entered in a country diary as definitely and recognisably as Candlemas or St. Swithin. For weeks, it may be, the signs have been out; crocuses may have bloomed and gone over, bats may have flitted, mild airs may have brought authentic scents of grass and mould sufficient to persuade the sanguine observer; the seasoned critic knows with Hosea Biglow that these are only Spring's pickets, and that the advance in force has not yet begun. Then, early or late by the almanac,

"some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind",

and there comes the one unquestionable day, when happy is the man who can take a holiday and get up into some hill-country with an outlook towards the south, to watch the occupation of the land.

The view should be southward, first, for the material reason that the full force and depth of colour are seen by transfused, not by reflected light; to the spectator standing between the landscape and the sun all tints come back in a flat reflex; when the landscape lies between the sun and the eye it takes up the light and holds it, suffused like a wet pebble in the moist atmosphere of Spring. And secondly, the view should be southward for the sentimental reason of having one's face the way the great invasion is coming up, of meeting the influence which seems, to a tuneable fancy, to be poured with the sunlight and the wind over the horizon from bluer seas and richer climes. And the post of observation should be on a height sufficient to command a wide stretch of hill and valley or pastoral plain, with a proportion of the wildness of heath and wood amongst the works of men—if it take in two or three counties and a glimpse of sea, so much the better—because the manifestation of Spring in these first hours needs to be seen in breadth and perspective. All the signs are as yet delicate and fine; the grass is scarcely greening through the bleached litter of the meadows; primroses make but little more show in the hedges than they may at a green Christmas; there is no thought yet of listening for cuckoo or nightingale; the lark that springs up from the slope of the cornfield drops again at half his full ascent, with but a brief snatch of song. The vivid charm in the least detail, the "impulse from a vernal wood" will come in due course; the proper influence of the earliest change is drawn from the whole span of sight. It is the sum of fine and reticent indications which tells the watcher in his coign of vantage that the year is turned. The only wind stirring is the upper stream on which the firmament of grey cloud racks slowly up from the horizon, with a choric unity of spreading sweeping motion that might be taken visibly to express the procession of the season. The air is mild, but with some under-current of ascetic freshness, and holds a scent crude and yet fine, not unlike the phosphoric tang of a sea-beach, a mixed breath of grassy, mossy, earthy smells, of the new elements pushing through the old, of the stronger sun finding out the storages of the winter rain, which is altogether characteristic of the time. The motion of the clouds, breaking here into pale blue, thickening there to isles of gloom and trailing the fringe of a shower across the farthest hills, gives the picture its vital quality of change, of the incessant variation of form, chiaroscuro and colour which to a tolerably

watchful eye fills the prospect from distance to foreground. As the sunlight blooms out or fades on ridge or hollow, as local spaces of air beneath the cope of cloud thicken with haze or clear to thinnest crystal, the planes and grouping of the landscape are constantly broken up and re-arranged. The long hillside that closes the distance, at first a flat wall of keen-edged vapour, presently darkens from palest violet air to high relief of dun-purple sward, and unfolds a perspective of unguessed buttresses and coves. The pine-clad spur in middle distance which stood out, a gloomy headland against a pale-lit sea of woods, suddenly vanishes in the oncoming tide of sun, and a new continent of shadow begins to rise on the edge of the shining plain.

One can hardly watch these aspects of change at all attentively without coming upon the main principle underlying the spectacular scheme of days such as this; the employment, that is to say, of veils of light and colour, screens more or less diaphanous forming peculiar harmonies with the hues they overlie, something in the manner of a water-colourist's working of flatter colour in broken touches over a more vivid ground. Vapour-laden air is of course this celestial body-colour, becoming opaque in proportion as it is made visible by sunlight, transparent according to the depth of shadow under which it lies; and at the first onset of Spring, the land seems to imitate with curious exactness this aerial method. All through the winter the bare network of bough and spray in the woods acts in some measure as a variable veil; but at the first motion of the sap, when the palms flower in their two distinct nuances of misty green, when the elms redden, when

"the swellin' buds of oak
Dim the far hillsides with a purplish smoke",

then the woods thicken with a cloudy bloom on which the light acts precisely as it does upon the vaporious atmosphere. The mere local colours of naked trees in the mass, chiefly purple running through warmer and colder browns to red and grey, are such as not even the first flush of tender green quite supplants, and beside them the full tone of summer is a heavy monotony; but the superposition of penetrable colour on colour produces nameless tertiaries, which are perhaps best admired in silence. Such a compound is the result of the foxy tan of a larch plantation coming against the full green of grass in shadow, or of the bronze-pink of oak spray thrown across dark masses of fir or pine. And when to these compound hues the misting air adds itself, in a hundred gradations of aerial perspective and of suffused light, the spectator, after fitting every name of hyacinth, turquoise, amethyst to those marvellous purples which lie like lakes in the folds of the hills and like clouds across the woods, will presently throw over the analytic method and will try to lose the parts in the whole. Few sorts of description are so vain as a catalogue raisonné of Nature's colours; at best it can be little more than a shuffling of synonyms, and (save for the strange natural pleasure that lies in comparisons of the greater to the less, from Homer's epithets downwards) what are we the better for likening a sunrise to saffron, or the sea to a peacock's neck? After setting down, for his dead-colouring, the grass as emerald fire, and matching the hills with wood-violets, the observer on a day such as this will probably throw his copy aside, and stand back to let the details of the picture fuse themselves into a whole.

When the sensuous appeals of the pleasant air, of subdued harmony of sound, of beauty of form and hue, have mixed themselves in a common lulling influence, he will perhaps find the less corporeal attributes of the hour beginning to assert their power. A sense of mystery will come, a thought vaguely attaching an heroic quality to some distant steep or shining levels touched out by a travelling ray. Something no doubt will come of the exhilaration proper to the prime: something perhaps, in turn, of melancholy; either the complaint of grudging memory

"Omnia quod nova tum magis hæc et mira vigeant"

or the mere irrational regret that draws its own veil across the whitest days. Out of such drifting fancies

as these the senses call us back once more to watch a new change,—the nearer hills under an ashy smile of the sun, pale against blue darkness of hard-edged cloud. It is part of the quality of these days of the opening year, that they seldom grant their pleasure to satiety; a ruffling wind that begins to blow with a keener edge, a scatter of hailstones when it pauses, a low roll of thunder from over the hills signify to the watcher on his height that the audience is at an end.

MR. CRAIG'S EXPERIMENT.

IN October, 1899, we went to war with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. That war is still going on. In March, 1902, at the Great Queen Street Theatre, there was a production of a little opera and a masque, remarkable for that in it Mr. Gordon Craig had made, for our wonder and delight, certain strange and pretty experiments in the management and decoration of the stage. That production is not still going on. No such time-limit was set to it, originally, as was set to the war. It was to go on as long as the public would encourage it. Yet it did not outlast one week. Well! Though the direct concern of my life is with art, not with politics, my sense of proportion enables me to see that the brevity of Mr. Craig's campaign is a less serious matter than the length of Lord Kitchener's. I admit that I have collated a small matter with a great. Yet do I make no apology for the collation. For I take it that both matters spring from the same cause, and illustrate the same peculiarity in the nation.

It is often said and believed that the English are a political people, the French an artistic people—that the average Englishman has a flair for politics, the average Frenchman for art. This idea is quite false. It is based on faulty observation, and on a radical blunder in psychology. The average Englishman is no more political than he is artistic. The average Frenchman is no less political than he is artistic. A feeling for art and a feeling for politics have the same roots. Both feelings come from a temperament which can be quickened in its owner by things abstract from his own person, his own private and immediate circumstances—a temperament which can imagine and generalise. You cannot have either feeling without the other. Having either, you must have the other. The temperament of the average Englishman is not imaginative. His interests are all narrow, domestic, personal. What lies beyond his own hearth has no meaning for him. He knows his own hob, fender, and fire-irons, and loves them with a surpassing love; but of all that is in him of love and knowledge these articles have a strict monopoly. This stolid apathy was a very good thing for the commonweal so long as England produced great statesmen. A great statesman, having at his back a solid mass of compatriots too inert to question his policy, or to do aught but what he bids it do, can work wonders for his country. But when the stock of greatness fails! When there is but a crew of little-minded and frivolous and improvident politicians! Then the commonweal requires a strong, energetic force of public opinion, to keep these politicians up to the mark and out of mischief. Making a virtue of apathy, we pride ourselves on the calmness displayed by the nation during this long-drawn war. "What", we cry unctuously, "would have happened in France?" There would soon have been frettings, fumings, upheavals. Yes, but by those very eruptions might have been thrown up a wonder-working statesman. By them, at any rate, the small men in public life would have had their heads knocked together, and would have been forced to take things seriously—to stop the war altogether or to strain every nerve towards its quick conclusion in victory. The average Englishman, however, is well content to let things be. He sits in smugly rapt contemplation of his hob, fender, and fire-irons. He is a triumph of domesticity. And the same temperament in him which lets the Government do as little as it likes for as long as it likes has prevented Mr. Gordon Craig from displaying his achievements for more than a week at the Great Queen Street Theatre. And, as these achievements were so fresh and fascinating that I should have liked to see them

many times, I take leave to deplore the effect of the national temperament on art as well as on politics.

Had Mr. Craig offered to Paris what he kept for London, he would have been the maker of a venture generally discussed and admired. But who in London wants "to tell or to hear some new thing" in any art? Twice a year the public will leave its hob, fender, and fire-irons, to visit Burlington House. It will go to Her Majesty's or elsewhere, now and then, to sit under Shakespeare, and Dickens descends often from its book-shelf. If a modern dramatist be substituted for Shakespeare, that author must be conventional or be mistrusted. So must another novelist than Dickens. Artistic curiosity is a gift confined to a tiny and embarrassed number of the dwellers in London. Go to any little picture-gallery where some new kind of work is being exhibited, or to any theatre lent for the production of a play written by an unknown or foreign dramatist, and you will find always the same little public—the same wan and dishevelled men and women. Which sex preponderates in this little public it would be impossible to determine, for each looks so very like the other. But one thing is certain: always there are the same men and the same women. Occasionally you see among them some being from the outer world; but that is a rare and startling sight. The artistic public in London is a hole-and-corner public, an *eccentric* public, quite distinct from the rest of creation, and numbering not more than 200—perhaps 250—members. Perhaps, then, 250 people patronised Mr. Craig's experiment. Anyone else must have strayed into the theatre by chance and been horribly bored. Commercially, the experiment was doomed from the first. Needless to say, that, with a few exceptions, the critics, not having seen anything like it, decried it as absurd. And yet it was a very serious and delightful experiment, for which Mr. Craig deserves many thanks and puffs.

Even if I knew anything about music, I should not be so rash as to trespass on J. F. R.'s preserves. But I know nothing about music. I know not at all whether Mr. Craig's mode of production was appropriate or inappropriate to the spirit of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and Purcell's "Masque of Love". All I know is that the production was in itself delicious, and that Mr. Craig's spirit and method would be invaluable in the mounting of certain kinds of plays. It would not be suitable to such plays as "Pilkerton's Peerage". But for plays of fantasy or of mystery it would work wonders. I hope Mr. Craig will be called in, somewhere, and soon, to devise and superintend the production of a children's pantomime or of a Maeterlinck play. How enchantingly pretty the one, and how hauntingly mystical the other would grow under his hands! I am sorry that my fatal habit of generalisation has left me no space in which to describe and analyse Mr. Craig's ideas of background and costume, "lighting" and "grouping"—the simplicity of that pale, one-coloured background, rising sheer beyond our range of vision, uninterrupted by "flies" or ceiling; the fluttering grace of those many-ribanded costumes, so simple, yet so various—every one of them a true invention; the cunning distribution and commingling of the figures and colours; the cunning adjustment of shadows over light, making of Polyphemus in "Acis and Galatea" a real giant—the one and only real and impressive giant ever seen on any stage, or ever likely to be seen till Mr. Craig is given the chance of giving us another. This cowed and terrible giant singing in his huge arbour, and those white-frocked children dancing beneath a flight of pink and white air-balls, and those solemn and slow-moving harlequins, with surcoats of dark gauze over their gay lozenges, setting the huge candles in the candelabra of the Prison of Love—they and the rest are ineffaceable pictures in my memory. Mr. Craig must give us many more such pretty pictures.*

I have been somewhat astonished by the loud outcries against "The Girl from Maxim's". To me the thing does not really seem more stupid and vulgar than the ordinary specimen of its kind. The interpretation at

the Criterion, certainly, is worse than the average interpretation of mercurial Parisian characters by natives of this island. There is more than the usual degree of flat-footed, beetle-headed stolidity all round. Not one member of the cast but fails in his or her grim endeavour to be blithe. Most of them succeed only in being vulgar, except the one person in whom vulgarity were right. Miss Beatrice Ferrar, in the lurid title-part, suggests only a well-brought-up English school-girl, rather over-excited by the breaking-up party.

"The New Clown" is now at the Comedy Theatre. Precedes it a play in one act, called "Judged by Appearances". This is the work of Mr. Frederic Fenn, who, as you will remember, wrote in collaboration with Mr. Richard Pryce that fine little tragedy of low life, "Liz's Baby". It is quite perfect in its way, a very whimsical idea being worked out with much humour and technical cunning. I was deploring lately the vile quality of our opuscles in drama. Much is to be hoped of Mr. Fenn, as opusculist—as magnoperator, too, maybe.

MAX.

SONNETS.

THE DEATH OF CECIL RHODES.

"So much to do: so little done: Good-bye!"

LAST WORDS OF CECIL RHODES.

I.

"SO little done," brave heart, "so much to do!"

Since first the sun and stars looked down to scan

The core of Nature's mocking mystery, man,
This was the cry of workers such as you;
Each strove and strove till, sudden, bright in view,
The rich fruition of the striver's plan
Shone far away beyond Life's narrowing span,—
Shone while the world was waving him adieu.

An age's days may live in fifty years.—

To him who dreads no spite of Fate or chance,
Yet loves both Man and Earth and starry spheres,
Life's brevity is part of Life's romance;
And when the footsteps fall of Death's advance
He hears the feet: he fain would stay but hears.

II.

"So much to do", brave heart, "so little done"?

What son of England left a work more grand?

Did that fierce trader-boy who, sword in hand,
Captured the siren-mistress of the sun

Whom only in dreams great Alexander won?

While India, right from Comorin's belt of sand

To where the guardian Kashmir-mountains stand
Acclaims our Clive, your work is but begun.

The century dawns, and race is trampling race

Where'er the white-man's living breezes blow;

England is saying, "He won a breathing space

For English lungs where skies of azure glow"—

Freedom is saying, "He gave a brooding place

Where, 'neath the Southern Cross, my limbs
shall grow".

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

* Since I wrote all this, I have been told that "Acis and Galatea" and the "Masque of Love" are to be revived in Great Queen Street on 14 April. Do not miss your opportunity of seeing them.

OUR GREAT MUSICAL MEN.

RECENTLY I dealt with a certain book. I mentioned the admiration which the writer had for certain musicians—all personal friends of his and all holding and, I hope, enjoying official positions. Since writing that article I have read this book through again, most carefully. I have no desire to review it a second time: merely I propose to use some utterances it contains as a text for a homily. Or rather, I will leave particular sayings and go to the general trend of this writer's opinions. He may fairly be chosen as a victim, for he rather unworthily represents a journal that is, or was, great; and also, unfortunately, his opinions coincide, not with the opinions of either the best musicians or of the big public, but with those of half a dozen people who might possibly do something for music in London. What, then, are his opinions? Simply that only official persons are of any use, that oratorio composers may safely undertake the writing of operas, that the only critics whose judgments are true and whose hands are clean are those who like the music of these oratorio composers and official persons.

Now it is a pity to be compelled to discuss what can only be called the politics of music rather than music itself; but the truth is that the political question is of very much greater importance at the present time than the music produced by Jones, Brown or Robinson. That a great deal of very admirable music, in its way, is being written to-day I should be the last to deny. I know that many men, young and old, are strenuously working at their art, doing all they possibly can to bring forth notable specimens of their art. But what on earth is the use—or at least the immediate use—of all this striving? Compositions are played once, and left, forgotten; and the unlucky composer cannot live by his work. The official persons snap up all the cash that is paid for music, and no one else can gain a livelihood. In no other artistic profession does an analogous state of matters prevail. A man may write novels, and even poetry, and yet live; a man may paint and live; one may even live by cutting statues out of marble; there are plenty of men who live by writing plays. And writers, poets, sculptors, playwrights, can live by doing their best, not by "writing down" to the public taste. I should like to hear of one musician who can earn his daily bread by doing his best—or, for that matter, by doing his worst. There are, I know, composers who have lived for a few years on the fruits of their artistic labours; but unless they have had private incomes they have inevitably in the long run been driven back upon teaching: a few who to-day are living by their compositions will shortly be driven back into teaching. And unless a man is born with the instinct for teaching there is no trade more carefully calculated by a thoughtful providence than that for murdering every element in him that is fine and beautiful.

Matters having got to this stage it is time to consider seriously what is to be done in the future. We cannot go on for ever, if we mean to become a musical people, as we are going at present. The distinguished author of the work which I have taken as a pretext for this article insists, with an insistence which is indeed painfully pathetic, that the fine fruits of what he calls the musical renaissance in England are three gentlemen, Messrs. Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie. That there has been a musical renaissance, so far as the public taste for fine music is concerned, and so far as the public desire to hear it is concerned, is a fact not to be doubted; that there are a great many men working at the composition of music is a fact I cannot now pretend to doubt, since I have just admitted it. Some of them are producing, as I have said, admirable work: admirable, certainly, but not great: work which rather betrays honest endeavour, conscientiousness, labour, than inspiration. But it is impossible to say that our author's trio are amongst the best of them. Some years ago Dr. Mackenzie wrote some beautiful music; his "Colomba" and "Troubadour" are precious possessions of mine: often I sit down to the piano and amuse myself with them. But Dr.—or Sir Alexander—Mackenzie writes nothing now to compare with the stuff he brought forth in the ancient days. Dr. Stanford

once wrote some good music: his "Shamus O'Brien" and his settings of Browning's Cavalier Songs were good. But Dr. Stanford writes nothing now to compare with these. As for Sir Hubert Parry, he has not, to my mind, written a bar that can be seriously considered as music. And even the best work of the best of the three men—Mackenzie—cannot be classed as very great music. Yet it is to precisely these three men, held up as exemplars, and nowadays in reality only mediocrities, that the few people in England who are willing to pay for music go whenever they want music; and in consequence the big public which, after all, contains a number of men and women who recognise and love the lovely thing when they hear it, grow more and more disgusted every day with such English music as they are enabled to hear. This booming of our Academics, this placing of them as our great musical men, has worked immeasurable harm. It has prevented the younger men gaining a fair "show"; it has convinced the people that nothing good in music can come from an Englishman. This booming has gone on in the press for years; now it has commenced in books; and now it must be stopped for ever. Now it must definitely be stated that Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie are not the men to be looked to for our final salvation. It is hard to guess what the younger men will do: Elgar, Bantock, Learmonth Drysdale, MacCunn, Marshall Hall and the rest have all written excellent stuff; but none of them has shown himself a composer of tremendous genius. Still, we can hope for something from all of them. If they are given fair opportunities at the festivals it is safe to prophesy that they will do better than the Academic crowd. In the meantime it is of the first importance to remember that the Academic crowd, no matter how it is puffed and praised in the press and in books, does not represent English music. It lives upon English music, and that is all.

This is not the place for obituaries, but I must find room for some mention of Mr. Alfred Plumptre. Mr. Plumptre was for many years musical director of the Palace Theatre. That he did his work as a workman should be the least of his claims to remembrance, for he did very much more than could be expected of him. Of course he had to play a lot of ordinary music-hall stuff; but he delighted to insert what he used to call "something good" into the programme for the "interval"—which is to say that period during which the performance is suspended and nearly everyone goes out to take refreshment of one sort or another. I don't think I ever wrote a line about Mr. Plumptre in his lifetime, and when I heard the news of his sudden death on Thursday of last week I reproached myself for my failure to acknowledge the many services he had rendered me. He was always willing to put on any special piece that one asked for, and on more than one occasion he did so for me. He was a much abler man than any of our Academic crew, and he will be badly missed at the Palace. But he is succeeded by Mr. Finck, also a very able musician, and one who can be trusted to continue Mr. Plumptre's traditions.

J. F. R.

THE EAGLE AND LION INSURANCE COMPANIES.

THE chairman of the Eagle Insurance Company spoke very strongly at the annual meeting about a circular that had been issued to the shareholders, endeavouring to bring about the transfer or amalgamation of the Eagle, presumably for the benefit of the author of the circular. The chairman is not a man likely to speak without good reason on such a subject as this, and we think the recent progress of the Eagle is such as to make its continued existence as a separate office entirely justifiable and desirable. It is no good ignoring the fact that some years ago the company had drifted into an unsatisfactory position, but at the valuation made at the end of 1897 the affairs of the company were placed upon a thoroughly sound basis. As the result of doing this no bonus was declared upon that occasion, but the course which was taken was typical of a thoroughly high-class British

office. Many directors and managers in similar circumstances would have sought to minimise the unsatisfactory features in the position of the office; but the Eagle went to the other extreme, and exaggerated every point which, in the minds of the most captious critics, would tell against the office. The weak points were emphasised, and the strong ones to a great extent ignored. In such circumstances as these one naturally feels confidence in the management, and that confidence is justified by recent annual reports.

In 1901 a satisfactory volume of new business was obtained and the expenditure at which the business was conducted was considerably less than the average of recent years. The funds showed a decrease of some £40,000, and the premium income exhibited a continuance of the small falling off which has been characteristic of recent years. We cannot pretend that the Eagle is one of the most satisfactory offices for participating policy-holders at the present time, but it transacts certain classes of business of a useful, and somewhat exceptional, character, its financial basis is sound and strong beyond all question, and a difficult period in its long history has been negotiated honourably and successfully.

Insurance companies of all kinds are apt to exhibit, when properly handled, a wonderful power of recuperation; but occasionally the affairs of an office are managed in such hopelessly incompetent fashion that nothing can be done, except transfer the business and cease to exist. The Lion Fire Insurance Company is a case in point. It was established in 1879, and has scarcely, if ever, been anything but a dismal failure. The total amount received in premiums since the commencement of the office up to the end of 1900 amounted to nearly £3,800,000 and the losses and expenses to £4,060,000. The result is to show an absolute trading loss of more than £260,000. The shareholders have paid up over £350,000, in return for which they have received in all £50,000 in dividends and about £77,000 from the Yorkshire Insurance Company, so that they have absolutely lost about £225,000, and received no interest upon their money. In addition to this loss of £230,000 must be added the sum of nearly £150,000 for interest earned on investments, making the total loss to the shareholders more than £375,000 in the course of about twenty-one years.

These exceptionally disastrous results are due to extravagant expenditure, and a long continuance of bad and incapable management. The story of the Lion forms a useful warning, and nothing but satisfaction can be felt that the final wreck, which has been impending for so long, has come at last.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH LAND AGAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Queensgate, Inverness, 31 March, 1902.

SIR,—I read with great interest the article in your last issue on the Land Purchase Bill now before Parliament.

Keeping in view the opposing interests dealt with in the Bill, the Chief Secretary's proposals are perfectly fair and have evidently been well considered. The proposal to exclude legal charges in transferring the estates is specially commendable, and the provision for assisting landlords to retain their mansion houses, policies and home farms will prove a strong inducement to some landlords to sell the remainder of their estates. Should, however, the passing of the Bill result in inducing sales of estates to any large extent, the main defect of the Act will be found to lie in its proposed form of administration.

There could be no better tribunal than the Land Commission for determining the sum to be paid for the land, and for distributing the purchase price to those having claims on the estate, but the performance of those two important functions should end the Land Commission's connexion with the property.

There are several potent objections to the employment of the Land Commission as proposed in the Bill.

They are already greatly overburdened with work, with the evident certainty of their labours being increased by the accumulation of appeals, but the policy of burdening a judicial body with the administration and ordinary factory business of the purchased estates will be found unworkable in a national change of land ownership; besides it would be extremely undesirable for the prosecution of the defaulting purchasers or rentpayers to be undertaken by any Government official.

The purchasing or administrative body should be the Parish or County Council, who would be directly responsible to the Land Commission for the purchase and to the Loan Commissioners for the due and regular payment of the annual rent charge. By this arrangement Government would be relieved of the cost of administration; and the ratepayers in every parish or county being collectively interested in the annual rent charge, or the rents of unpurchased holdings being regularly paid, it would be the duty of the local officials to enforce payment.

As the Chief Secretary is evidently fully conscious of the increasing evil resulting from the existing power of unlimited appeal against the sub-commissioners' decisions in fixing fair rents, why not by a single clause in the present Bill put a stop to an evil, the result of which is not only to squander annually in barren litigation a sum equal to the cost of the Land Commission, but to do more than anything else to keep alive that spirit of estrangement and illwill between landlord and tenant, which has proved the bane of Ireland for centuries.

The benefits resulting from a Land Purchase Act, however advantageous, can only be gradually realised; but the removal of a defect in an existing Act would be immediately operative.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GORDON.

P.S.—In order to simplify procedure of transfer, the Bill should contain a clause abolishing the Crown's claim for Quit Rents. When, as Dr. Traill states, it takes £56—the fees of four lawyers at £14 each—to locate a Quit Rent of 17s., it seems high time to abolish Quit Rents and the Quit Rent Office.—G. G.

POET TO THE TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastlea, Udney Park, Teddington, 2 April, 1902.

SIR,—I have read with much enjoyment your witty article in the current issue on A Successful Literary Man, and, if not too late, shall be glad of a word or two with you anent your first pronouncement on the above topic (15 March) under the title "Stephen Phillips—Poet to the Trade".

If, after the terrible castigation administered in that article, the shutters of the Phillips firm have not been put up once for all, may I even now suggest that there is a suspicion of begging the question in your writer's assumption that "so many able and cultivated men" (who have praised Mr. Phillips) "could lose their head at the same moment"? Does not the law of probability make this unlikely? Sir, this is the age of revised (and reversed) literary judgments, and it must be confessed that before I learned from your dictum—which comes with Delphic force—that "anyone who can write at all could do the literary part of the business", I—in my fatuity, with others equally fatuous—admired Mr. Phillips' blank verse as possessing merit out of the common, and was even inept enough to think many lines from "Marpessa", e.g., surpassingly lovely. We know now that most of us could do as well if we tried.

Then again, having just read "Herod" through, I was labouring under the delusion that it was a fine dramatic poem. But, Sir, "Herod", "Paolo and Francesca", "Ulysses" and the rest are relegated to the limbo of exploded frauds. Alas, poor Phillips!

Some time ago, the eyes were confronted by copious extracts in the advertisement columns of the daily press from the "poems" of a Mr. C. W. Wynne, I think.

You would do us uninitiated ones a further service if you would give us your estimate of that "educated driveller" (the expression is not mine) as compared with Mr. Phillips, first as an advertiser, second as a poet.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY HANFORD.

[So far from assuming that "so many able and cultivated men could lose their head at the same moment", we said it was "not credible" that they could. "The explanation of their laudation of Mr. Phillips" was not want of ability.—ED. S. R.]

STREET NOISES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Villa Beausite, St. Philippe, Nice,

25 March, 1902.

SIR,—I am glad to see in your article on "Street Noises" that dogs are not forgotten, for they are often the greatest offenders of all. No one, either for use or ornament, should keep a dog that is an annoyance to his neighbours. Every barking dog is.

Nice is perhaps of all places I have visited, with the exception of Cashmere and Constantinople, the most persecuted by dogs. In the daytime it is bad enough, at night it is often torture.

To say nothing of the villas and houses, every rentier, every small farmer lets his yapping cur out with instructions to bark for the protection, as he says, of his cabbages and his tame rabbits.

It is very trying, but there is no remedy or redress.

As for cats, there is a remedy. "Care will kill a cat", and so will bullets or brickbats. A man is not cursed who removeth his neighbour's cat. With dogs, alas! it is a more difficult matter.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM EDEN.

THE STUDY OF S. FRANCIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Mark's Vicarage, Marylebone Road, N.W.

SIR,—I have been asked by M. Paul Sabatier to make known to all lovers of S. Francis that a new society is being formed of all students of the Saint and of others who have no time for study but are interested in all that concerns him. It is called "Société Internationale d'Études Franciscaines" and has its headquarters at Assisi. On application with stamped envelope I will send anyone a copy of the prospectus.

JAMES ADDERLEY.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Santa Ana, California, U.S.A.

SIR,—In my previous letter concerning the diplomatic relations of Great Britain and the United States I broke off at the point at which Lord Aberdeen was playing into the hands of the latter. Though the Aberdeen Ministry did not succeed in preventing the dismemberment of Mexico, it was in their power to acquire a share for Great Britain, and that without resorting to force. Mexico would willingly have ceded California for a small consideration, knowing well that she was powerless to retain it, and her jurisdiction over it being but nominal. But the Ministry would have none of it, out of consideration for the feelings of their friend, the Great Republic.

About this time loomed up the "Oregon question". In 1821 the British Government had supported the United States in resisting an outrageous claim of Russia to treat the North Pacific Ocean as a mare

clausum. After the negotiations had terminated, the United States entered into a separate treaty with Russia, which defined the boundary between the territories of the contracting parties as 54° 40' north latitude. The ingenuity of this neat little trick will be appreciated when it is remembered that the territory south of this line had been claimed by Great Britain and occupied by its agents for several generations, while the United States had never a foothold within a thousand miles of it. But the treaty was intended by its originators as a base for a claim by the United States of the whole Pacific Coast not in the possession of Russia or Mexico, thus shutting out Great Britain from access to the sea.

Later this claim was actually set up. Fifty-four, Forty or Fight! became the watch-cry of all parties in the United States, who would, had they dared, have made it their war-cry. This not being found feasible, they resorted to the American game of "bluff", in which, of course, they suffered a humiliating defeat. Though they did not surrender the whole of the territory belonging to Great Britain, they effected a compromise which put the United States in possession of an immense territory, with some five hundred miles of coast line to which they had about as much colour of right as they had to the coast of Hindustan, and eventually lost to Great Britain the control of some four hundred thousand square miles of the richest forest, arable and mineral land in North America.

When in 1850 the British ministry negotiated the Bulwer-Clayton treaty it did look as if they had scored a point. But how does it look now? That treaty, it is true, prevented the seizure of Nicaragua by America, but at the same time Great Britain surrendered territory over which she had acquired control, whereas the United States possessed none. Now the treaty is abrogated and the United States is paramount in the land.

During the Civil War, which the American statesman, Mr. Seward, proposed to avert by sending agents to Canada to stir up rebellion against the Mother Country, another opportunity was offered to the British Ministry. They had but to accept the proposal of the French Emperor for a joint intervention, and America's power for mischief would have been at an end for several generations at least. Though this action would have been the correct one from a diplomatic standpoint, no Englishman will be disposed to blame them for their refusal to take advantage of it, for had they done so, slavery would have received a new lease of life. But in acceding to the demand of the United States for the submission to a board of arbitration of the "Alabama" claims they were guilty of their usual blunder. It was urged by American officials that it would be for her best interest for England to submit the matter to an impartial tribunal, as then, no matter what the award, it being accepted by us, a better feeling would be inaugurated. But what was the actual result? No sooner was the verdict given, which was based upon principles never before recognised by any nation, than the clamour against Great Britain was redoubled in force, and the verdict was used as a justification for it. Had the matter been allowed to drop, as it should have been, the ill-feeling would have been far less.

In the foregoing I have assumed that it was Great Britain's best interest to prevent the expansion of the American Republic. Can anyone doubt it? It would not only have been better for England but for the peace of the world. Had the British ministries taken advantage of their opportunities, four-fifths of the North-American continent, north of the Gulf of Mexico, would have now been the home of a people enjoying the blessings of a free and stable government and loyal to their mother country. As it is, a large part of this territory is occupied by a population which, though to a great extent British by descent, is hostile to Great Britain, and whose actions are a continual menace to her peace. No one, not short-sighted, could have avoided seeing this while it still might have been avoided, and none but the stone-blind can fail to see it now.

The impression that to some extent prevails in England that American hostility is a thing of the past is entirely erroneous. True, there is a coterie of ladies

and gentlemen in New York that admire our country and countrymen and are ready hospitably to entertain English visitors. But these "Anglomaniacs", as they are styled by their countrymen, are in no wise typical of Americans, and have absolutely no political influence. True, there are some journals, chiefly in New York, that favour a good understanding with Great Britain. But these are few and far between, and can make no headway against the tide of antagonism to all things British that periodically sweeps across the country. It is true, too—and it speaks for their honesty and courage—that almost every one of the correspondents of American papers in South Africa, including Captain Slocum, the military attaché, gave a true and impartial account of the conduct of the campaign, and, besides, were generous in their praise of the commanders and men engaged in the war. But this testimony was never popular in the United States, and was ignored by the newspapers, or if published at all was overshadowed by a mass of misrepresentation and abuse originating either in the continental Bureau of Lies, or those Englishmen who are inclined to believe all evil of the English Government and its officials.

Some abuse that would otherwise be showered upon Great Britain by the American press is stayed by a fancied resemblance—which does not exist—between the conditions in South Africa and those in the Philippines. This being assumed, they could not without some inconsistency censure one without censuring the other. It is also somewhat lessened by an idea, encouraged by a few loud-mouthed Little Englanders, that Great Britain is in some sort under an American protectorate. This tickles their vanity, and inclines them to be more lenient than otherwise they would be. Many of these cherish the alluring idea that the British Government is waiting anxiously for the fiat of the Great Republic, and that British ministers are losing sleep, haunted by the terror of a possible "intervention" by Mr. Roosevelt, and the consequent smashing of the British Empire. This universal dislike of England in the United States is not to be attributed to the fact that there is a large foreign population on its shores, for the foreign immigrant has no ideas of his own about the matter. Neither is it caused, as certain Irish "patriots" in Parliament and out flatter themselves is the case, by the influence of their countrymen here, for their proclivities are only played upon by the different political parties. The real reason of this hostility—as I pointed out several years ago in a London journal—is that the people are deliberately taught hatred and contempt of England in the schools. The prejudice thus engendered cannot be eradicated in one generation.

Those who doubt the ability of a British ministry to cope with American politicians may soon have an opportunity to judge of the correctness of their opinion. The Nicaragua business is supposed to be settled, and if it were sure that America would abide by the letter of the new treaty it would be settled. But are we justified in believing that it is America's intention to do so? Not if we may accept as the intent of the Government what is advocated in the press. An article in the "San Francisco Chronicle" of December 9th may be taken as an example of the general idea. The writer asserts that the clause of that treaty that provides for the neutrality of the canal, and the one limiting the privilege accorded to the United States of protecting it to a permission to "police" it, do not mean what they say, and, in any case, whether they do or not, the United States intends to disregard them. The ingenuity exhibited by the writer to explain away the force of these clauses, is remarkable more as a curiosity than as a sign of his honesty of purpose.

The other question—the Alaska matter—will tax all the diplomatic power of the Ministry to arrange without a complete surrender of all British and Canadian rights. The Americans have rushed in and occupied territory to which they have no shadow of right but that given by their absurd interpretation of the Anglo-Russian Treaty and they do not intend to surrender one inch if force or bluff will enable them to retain it.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

REVIEWS.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER SEX.

"The Works of George Eliot." Library Edition, 10 vols. 10s. 6d. net each; The Warwick Edition, 14 vols. 2s. net each. London: Blackwood. 1902.

IT is good to see monuments to departed greatness such as these collected editions in a literary period when from Dan to Beersheba all is barren. The young and foolish, crude in taste, in education and experience, and eager, as is natural to youth, for the novelties of their day ensure what seems a monstrous popularity for certain writers of novels in vogue at present. It is swollen too by others who have not their excuse of youth and inexperience, whose minds are not so much unformed as non-existent so far as judgment and enjoyment of literature are in question. Who are the writers now whose works we can suppose will be collected forty years hence, and take their place amongst the Olympians of the library and be established as the Lares and Penates of every cultivated household? It would be an unhappy prospect for the before-mentioned young people when they become sensible persons of middle age, if there were not such collections as these awaiting them. We who have attained that difficult age when a novel is the most tedious of all human performances, with the exception of impotent poetry, if it is nothing more than the love story of an immature boy and girl, would otherwise greatly pity them. They came too late in the nineteenth century to read, as they appeared, the works of the novelists who will be found worthy of collected editions. How unfortunate for them that the writers whose acquaintance they made in the circulating libraries had ponderosity and dulness without genius, or were melodramatic and extravagant without mystery, charm, or taste! Taking the novel-reading period from fifteen to thirty, when the crave for novels begins to slacken, unless the reader is an ill-educated woman, this must have been the experience of most people still reading current novels. The best they can have known will have been Stevenson, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Anthony Hope and Dr. Conan Doyle who have certainly not been ponderous because they have had too little substance, but to whose melodrama we must grant a certain style and good sense and discretion which raise them out of the class of coarse melodramatic novels. And then there are one or two other writers who during this supposed novel-reading life will have added something to the permanent stock. Mr. Meredith perhaps with "Diana of the Crossways", or "One of Our Conquerors": or there may be "John Inglesant" or "Aylwin". Mr. Meredith's collection is being made. It will be ready for those whose novel-reading is confined to the collected editions of the masters ranged on their own library shelves, and for whom the productions of the day have no charm. Then we may hope that when they have become bored, their curiosity in imaginary lives having been sated through experience of their own, they may have enough love of literature to turn to the collected editions of works of other days in the absence of anything of value remaining of their own. They will leave the young and foolish to read the novels telling of brand-new loves, and fussing about social and other problems that have come into existence since they formed their own conclusions about things and settled down to the plan of life possible for themselves. Old ways of living, old ways of thinking, old scenes, old loves, these are the objects that we can dwell on for refreshment of mind. The masters of the novel know this, and the novels we read were written either in the past tense, as we may say, or they have become that tense to us in the effluxion of time. George Eliot's novels were written so: she starts forty or fifty years before her own time—at least of writing—and she takes you into the pre-railway period. It is the only time one cares to read about in a novel, everything and everybody since then finds an appropriate chronicle in the daily newspaper. But she did not go too far back except in one memorable instance; and her readers have regretted it ever since. She intended "Romola" to be her greatest novel and it was not. If it had come out so she would have ranked amongst the

greatest writers—with the men that is to say. As it is she is only amongst the greatest women writers. She wrote on a larger plan than any woman writer had done before her: she had much more learning than any of the women writers before her possessed; but her methods were essentially the same as theirs. When she got out of her own experiences—she was not outside them merely because she wrote of pre-railway days—in "*Romola*", she failed to create a world she had not known. Scott and Thackeray could do it: she did not, though she came nearest of all her sister authors to the big bow-wow style of which Scott spoke when he contrasted his own work with the feminine dexterity and neatness of Miss Austen's. George Eliot in some of her tones appeared to suggest that there was a beard under the muffler, but it would hardly seem to have required the acumen of Dickens to discover that they were not really masculine.

Yet there is even still a vague feeling that her genius was more masculine than feminine. It is true she had more interest than women usually have in impersonal subjects, and in consequence was duller than clever women usually are in writing or talking of what they care for. Women do not so often bore people by talking about serious subjects as men do: the danger with them is being too prolix about trivialities. The best women writers have been very successful in combining keen observation with a humorous sense of the details of everyday commonplace persons and things which men would not be at the trouble to analyse much less to describe. But women do not like it more than men do when it is done well. To do it well is the most characteristic result of women's literary skill. It is their humour but it does not lie near the sources of tears. Where is the great woman humourist in this sense? There is plenty of fun, satire, comicality in "*Pride and Prejudice*" in "*Marriage*" in "*Cranford*", and in George Eliot's books especially, but it is of the same invariable feminine surface type. There is a manlier note however in George Eliot's perception of the paganism underlying middle-class orthodoxy. She is the manliest of the women humourists, and while she could write about the Dodsons, or Mr. Brooke, as Miss Austen might have written about them, she could write the chapter on the Red Durham in "*Silas Marner*" as Dickens might have written it, or rather Mr. Hardy, for it is a more subtle bit of insight into the rustic mind than would have inspired Dickens. But the conformity to feminine type is even more apparent in the choice of her favourite subjects. Clergymen, doctors, more doubtfully lawyers—for women know that profession least—tradesmen, old maids and female domestic servants, have been lovingly described by the female pen from the time it first ventured into print. With clergymen and doctors George Eliot has done her best, and it is perhaps the best of all. In one detail she is less feminine. She has few old maids. They are in all the women writers we have mentioned, and in the Brontës, as a special class. Did they go out with the railways? But there are some delightful specimens in "*Janet's Repentance*" which could only have been drawn by a feminine hand. Nor have men ventured to draw so freely the general feminine character as these women writers. The insipid fool as the model of female excellence has always betrayed the hand of the man. Thackeray's Amelia Osborne is after all the classical man-made woman. Women have known their business better, and they have given us a greater variety of the genus. We fancy that men have picked up some wrinkles from them, and we do not now meet so often even in their novels the sort of woman that women themselves contemptuously term dolls.

Men as possible lovers and husbands are very greatly indebted to women writers, and especially to George Eliot, for the very lucid manner in which they have pointed out from what a mass of capricious or complicated motives women come to accept them in that character. What a warning to elderly estimable gentlemen was Dorothea's marriage to Dr. Casaubon, and to handsome clever young men the marriage of Lydgate with Rosamund. What man who was not hopeless as a reasonable being could ever again talk that arrant masculine nonsense about marrying a woman and

forming her character afterwards? We suspect that George Eliot is responsible for much bachelordom. The worst of it is we can be as little sure of the best of these delightful George Eliot heroines as of the worst—though we do not remember that she has a really melodramatic lady villain. Is there not something cynical in giving Dorothea to Ladislaw, unless the latter is an artistic failure, and the author imagined she had made him more eligible than he really seems to the reader? And the irony of Adam Bede, after his love for Hetty, marrying Dinah who, if things are what they seem, was made for Seth! Mr. Tryan died of consumption it seems to us in time to escape a very doubtful experiment with Janet Dempster. Daniel Deronda, fortunately for his happiness we believe, became engaged to the little Jewess, who was not remarkable for her brains, before he had become quite too sympathetic with Mrs. Grandcourt who when she became good promised to be very good indeed for the future. And then dear Maggie Tulliver who was so much cleverer and superior in every way to narrow obstinate and common-sense Tom. Was Tom ever comfortable with her? We know he was not, nor would young Wakem. or Stephen Guest have been. She died opportunely and there was one less unhappy marriage in the world and George Eliot whose views of the relationship of the sexes are decidedly uncomfortable. We do not wish to draw any profounder moral than that from her philosophy. They may be true; but our reminiscences of them do not seem calculated to make a man happier in the prospect of close relations with that sex which George Eliot has made to appear so excessively difficult.

THE JOURNALIST IN THE PULPIT.

"An Editor's Sermons." By Sir Edward Russell. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford. London: Unwin. 1901. 6s. net.

THIS should be a popular book with the clergy, for it supplies them with a triumphant rejoinder to the querulous layman. "You may be dissatisfied with my sermons" the parson may say "you may think the layman would do much better, but try this 'editor's sermons', and see how you would fare". We should be much surprised if there were a single intelligent layman that did not come to the conclusion that if a clergyman in the pulpit is sometimes a little trying, the journalist would be a hundredfold worse. The popular preacher is an unpleasant thing in itself but the journalist turned preacher is an offence. Sir Edward Russell should have considered that there is such a thing as Holy Ground, and that there are precincts within which the journalist may not enter; or cannot enter without violation. For Sir Edward Russell has written these sermons distinctively in his capacity as journalist, and circulated them in his own daily newspaper. An editor, of course, or a journalist might be as good a preacher and as able a theologian as anyone else but not in his journalistic capacity. There is something revolting in the journalist, who lives by the hour and for the hour, laying hands on the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection. It is his business, perhaps, to pry into everything, but surely the search for subjects might leave at any rate these eternal solemnities unruffled. The mundane touch on the holiest things is to the spiritual nature acutely painful as the dentist's stab to the nerve or the loud profanation of a friend's deep-hid grief. We say emphatically the newspaper is not the place wherein to bare the heart or the soul. The Bishop of Hereford, who is just the man to write a preface to a popular journalist's work, would of course rejoin, "Do you hold, then, that religion must be excluded from our ordinary day by day life?" A weak rejoinder; daily life is, or should be, informed with religion, but it should not be informed with sermons. Indeed any person who thrust the most deeply sacred things into ordinary conversation at any ordinary dinner would be felt by every religious-minded person present to be profaning holy things. A newspaper may similarly be informed with religion, and if it is, it will avoid putting the Incarnation and the Real Presence between prices on the Stock Exchange and prices on the Turf.

We are not impugning Sir Edward Russell's motives: we are sure they were good, and we are glad to admit that it required a certain courage in the editor of a secular daily to include sermons in his paper. There is, too, an atmosphere of hail-fellow-well-met geniality about most of the book. In short, this journalist has some of the virtues and all the vices of the popular preacher. One could have more admiration for his courage in not being afraid to talk of sacred things, if his theological standpoint and moral attitude fitted less nicely the prevailing taste of those amongst whom the editor-preacher's newspaper circulated. We should say it was most unlikely that the "Liverpool Post" lost a single reader by these sermons; it probably gained many. Every half-educated person in these days likes to be told that dogma is nothing; that you need believe very little to be a Christian; that the Athanasian Creed is "a mere relic of primitive sectarian brawlings and phenomenal imaginative metaphysics". The venture into philosophy was doubtless not one whit less impressive to this editor's congregation because to a metaphysician and a philosopher it would be absolutely meaningless. But a worse feature of these sermons than their cheapness is their contemptible appeal to theological prejudice. Sir Edward Russell knew that Liverpool was the home of the Laymen's League, was anti-High Church, was a nonconformist stronghold, accordingly the sermons are seasoned throughout with denunciations of the "sacerdotal party"; of "the sacerdotal revolution of our age, known by the name of the Oxford Movement"; of those "who are now engaged in identifying Anglican sacerdotalism with Roman Catholic faith and practice". Sir Edward Russell calls himself an extreme latitudinarian: is that why he chose of all days Good Friday for one of these exhibitions of ecclesiastical partisanship? Of his practical lessons we will give one. "There can be no doubt, moreover, that to dwell on sin in one's thoughts either too little or too much is a mistake, and has a bad effect." Is not that edifying? We cite it as a sample of the preacher's power of speech. The precept he wants to enforce is quite a sound one, but he is simply unable to express it except in the form of a pointless truism. The whole book is an instance of cheap, shallow, unlearned dealing with very high matters. It may have emanated from the worthiest of motives, but this preacher should remember that that defence can be urged, we at any rate believe, in extenuation of practically all preachments. Having considered these sermons, we can only say that for their preacher to undertake to criticise the clergy and teach them their business as preachers, as Sir Edward does in his most characteristic chapter on "Popular Intellectual Cultivation", is a piece of impudence unsurpassed in sublimity.

MEDIÆVAL LONDON.

- "The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall." By Edgar Sheppard. London: Longmans. 1902. 21s. net.
 "Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London." By Frederic Chapman. Drawings by Thomas R. Way. London: John Lane. 1902. 21s. net.
 "London Afternoons." By W. J. Loftie. London: Cassell. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.
 "Mediæval London." By Canon Benham and Charles Welch. London: Seeley. 1901. 5s. net.
 "The Oriental Club and Hanover Square." By Alexander F. Baillie. London: Longmans. 1901. 25s. net.

THESE five notable works deal principally with London in mediæval times, although Mr. Baillie's monograph on the Oriental Club derives its interest from the eighteenth century, when Hanover Square and its adjacent streets and squares came to be built near a site ominously known to our ancestors as Tyburn. Mr. W. J. Loftie has good reason to be proud of the favourable reception of his "London Afternoons", a volume which had the rare fault of being too short. It starts an appetite, and on the finishing of it, like *Oliver Twist*, we clamour for more. Surely Mr. Loftie could have shed lustre on Hatton

Garden and its neighbourhood, where in Ely Place still stands the ancient and very lovely church of S. Etheldreda. Then there is Buckingham Street, Strand, which, if all we hear comes to pass, is likely enough, at no distant time, to disappear altogether. Then will be swept away houses indeed "historic," for at one corner Peter the Great was lodged whilst at the opposite Samuel Pepys wrote his Diary. Here Dickens wrote "David Copperfield", and at the door of No. 12 Rousseau is said to have quarrelled with Voltaire. Mr. Protector Cromwell was often a guest at a house which belonged to his son-in-law Fairfax, parts of which are still standing, but much modernised. Mr. Loftie's pen could surely do justice to this venerable street and the streets surrounding it: John Street, where the Society of Arts holds its meetings, Adam Street, which was designed by the architect of that name, and Adelphi Terrace, where Garrick died and Disraeli is said to have been born. Hard by stood Durham House, in the chapel of which Lady Jane Grey was married to Guilford Dudley, and York House, which Wolsey got rid of to build Whitehall.

Canon Benham, in "Mediæval London", reproduces Wyngaerde's panorama of Tudor London, a far more lovely city than we imagine it could possibly have been, a city of countless spires, of glorious churches, of spacious halls and quaint gabled mansions, of which Crosby Hall still remains a magnificent specimen. Mr. Loftie surely should not be pleased that this superb old palace is "appropriately converted into a restaurant". The richest city in the world ought to be able to purchase and preserve for posterity the finest example it possesses of its erstwhile mediæval magnificence. It should be appropriately converted into a museum of historic relics of the City of London.

Our metropolis is at present undergoing a complete metamorphosis. New streets are being opened, wide avenues will presently cut hideous slums in twain, and circuses and very many quadrangles will replace acres of desolate courts and wicked little alleys. So far so good: the improvements are greatly wanted and there cannot be a doubt about their necessity. Remembering Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road, however, one may well have misgivings as to their architectural prospects. Are they, too, to be built in the pretentious pseudo-Flemish style which is now all the craze, bad Bruges and worse Antwerp, or cannot our architects take a leaf or so from our own Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart books and design buildings suggested by, let us say, Crosby Hall, or Sir Paul Pinder's house, lately of Bishopsgate Street Without, now of South Kensington Museum; or still better, the glorious block of Furnival's Inn, Holborn? There is no good reason why these new streets should not be as picturesque as "improved". Short's, in the Strand, has, in a measure, solved the question. Look at the quaint model that has been temporarily erected hard by St. Mary-le-Strand for the accommodation of the historic collection of white and red ports and golden and brown sherries, and ask yourself if even in its embryo state it is not infinitely preferable to the Brummagen Bruges buildings alongside of it, or, for the matter of that, of the fearsome Cecil Hotel, one wing of which it seems to be to remain permanently flat and unfinished. Why do we all regret Holywell Street? It was dirty, narrow and probably very unhealthy, but, for all that, it was the most picturesque street left in all London. Many a great artist has fallen into ecstasies over its sky-line of pointed gables and has immortalised the same by brush or pen and ink, honours which no artist has yet or ever will accord to the Quadrant, or to Northumberland Avenue. If our new streets make pictures, our Lofties of the future will be able to make "Afternoons" out of them and in the far-off future tell generations to come all about the quaint people who have won fame and fortune in the houses that lined them, just as the Loftie of to-day tells us so much that is interesting about the delightful folk that lived and died in that quainter London which is so rapidly fading away.

Mr. Loftie laments the disappearance of Northumberland House, which, although it was only a rococo-stucco, a substitute for a much older palace, and perhaps the most inconvenient dwelling-place in all London, was

exceedingly picturesque, which is more than can be said of the pretentious Avenue, where the inquisitive Yankee sips cocktails in up-to-date American bars and catches a side-long glance of the lions in Trafalgar Square from monster hotel windows.

St. James' Palace, concerning which Mr. T. R. Way and F. Chapman tell us some interesting facts, rather prosaic as it is, has the advantage over that stolid edifice Buckingham Palace of an exceptionally picturesque and irregular sky-line; whereas no amount of mask screens and stucco triumphal arches will ever make the Victorian Palace otherwise than stodgy and too like a hotel. We need but glance at Mr. Way's drawing of this Palace and then turn to the delightful one of Hampton Court to realise that after all the chief charm of a building is its broken outline, its towers, gables and oriels, and its general unexpectedness. These fine old mediæval, Tudor and Jacobean palaces and mansions are always full of surprises, whereas your Buckingham Palace and Whitehall Offices stare at you fully revealed in all their solemn starkness. There can be no question that the distinctly English architecture of the good old Plantagenet, Tudor and Jacobean times suits our climate and our nationality better than any other. Its very intricacy needs the softening influence of a hazy atmosphere to set it off to advantage. Palladian architecture demands a clear sky and a brilliant sunshine to reveal the firmness of its outline and the beauty of its detail. Yet Inigo Jones' banquetting hall at Whitehall is superb and makes us regret the disappearance of Holbein's famous gate which stood until the beginning of the eighteenth century not far off, but was pulled down to enlarge Parliament Street. Mr. E. Sheppard's interesting work on Whitehall Palace leads one to curse the day when fire destroyed one of the most historic of many lost palaces. It was the scene of Henry VIII.'s gruesome death and of Charles II.'s brilliant iniquities. Nothing now remains of it but the banquetting room, now converted into a Museum of Naval Antiquities.

A very different book from "London Afternoons", "Mediæval London" or "Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London", is Mr. Alexander F. Baillie's "Oriental Club and Hanover Square". Tudor and Elizabethan London had long since been nearly swallowed up by the Great Fire when London, no longer confined within limits by the Draconian decrees of Elizabeth and James, took to extending itself westwards with gigantic strides. In Charles II.'s time St. James' Square was built; then came Soho and its streets and squares; and finally in 1708 John Holmes, Duke of Newcastle, bought the manor of Tyburn and sent the gallows further up the road towards the spot where now stands the Marble Arch. In 1716 New Bond Street was opened, the first direct communication between Piccadilly and Oxford Street, and this probably led to fashionable houses being built on the area now called Hanover Square. At first it would appear that the inhabitants of this particular square were mostly men of business, but presently my Lord Cowper, High Chancellor of England purchased a house, if not exactly in Hanover Square, at any rate in George Street hard by. Then hither came the wealthy Sir Theodore Jannessen, but he did not stay long in his new house for he presently sold it, together with the manor of Wimbledon to that grabbing shrew Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Then Lord Hillsborough, in 1718, installed himself in the Square. His son was the first Marquess of Downshire and his daughter, the Lady Mary Amelia, is somewhat of a link with our own times, since she married in 1773 the first Marquis of Salisbury and died so lately as 1835 at Hatfield House. The second Marquis of Salisbury was still living in Hanover Square in 1830, when the present Prime Minister was born at Hatfield. According to tradition Prince Talleyrand once lived in Hanover Square, but it is far more probable that he resided at the French Embassy in Portland Place. Mr. Baillie, however, omits a very remarkable resident in his dear Square, Mme. de Balbi, who lived in a very large house, since cut into two, on the side of the Square nearest Bond Street. Here this very beautiful woman, who made so deep an impression on the Prince Regent, gave weekly receptions on a prodigious scale,

her musical parties being exceedingly brilliant. Somehow or other Hanover Square has always been associated with music, for it was mainly to the influence of Gallini, who in his day, was called the "Muse of Dancing", and of Bach and Abel that the King's Concert Rooms were built, which remained one of the most popular places for musical entertainment from 1776 to 19 December, 1874, when the last concert was given in a hall where Handel, if we err not, produced the "Messiah", and all the galaxy of singers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries from Mara to Clara Novello and Titjens have been heard, and where by the way Chopin first initiated English musicians in the intricacies of his compositions. After a rather miscellaneous career as a club-house, this familiar corner, which towered above all the neighbouring mansions, has disappeared, and in its place has risen, with almost supernatural speed a huge mansion intended for "flats".

After giving a great deal of information about his neighbours past and present Mr. Baillie relates in the pleasantest fashion the history of the "Oriental Club". The following delightful anecdote deserves mention. It will be remembered that many years ago it was rather the fashion to poke fun at the gentlemen from the East who foregathered in this commodious club-house. They were usually described as liver-parched and curry-coloured old fossils who had survived thirty or forty years in India and had come back to England only to find fault with all and sundry. Bearing this fact in mind the anecdote in question is what the French would call "impayable". "One of the cruellest of personal criticisms was passed in the club itself", says our author, "and came from the mouth of a babe. A member reported to the committee that a page employed in the lavatory had behaved with rudeness and impertinence. He reproved the child because the hair brushes were dirty and discoloured, and the lad replied 'Please sir, that ain't dirt, it's the dye off the old gentlemen's heads'". A club which included amongst its members so exquisite a character and so perfect a specimen of what an English gentleman should be as Colonel Charles Carmichael, the original of Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, can afford a little fun poked at it. It was Mrs. Ritchie herself who detected the likeness between her father's portrait of a fine old original and who, when Colonel Carmichael died, put up a tablet to his memory bearing the passage from the "Newcomes" ending with "Adsum". "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time and just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face and he lifted up his head and quickly said 'Adsum', and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Maker."

After all, where men and women have foregathered for so many generations as in London, every inch of ground tells its tale of joy and woe, of tragedy and comedy. We have but fully to recognise this to treat with a sort of reverence every stone of our City. It is haunted from end to end by historic forms, whose shades will be none the less present, even when scarcely a stone remains of Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart and Victorian eras, and new dynasties have risen and passed away, as mighty as those whose history excites in us a feeling of keen interest tempered by a lingering sense of regret.

HISTORY WITHOUT PROPORTION.

"England and France in the Mediterranean." By W. Frewen Lord. London: Sampson Low. 1901. 8s. 6d. net.

OPINIONS will always differ as to the proper method of writing history, but no one, we think, will deny that proportion is, as in architecture, at once the basis and the hall-mark of good historical work. Judged from this standpoint Mr. Frewen Lord's "England and France in the Mediterranean" is on the whole the most unsatisfactory production we have read for years.

The author, who is one of a large school of imperialist writers, undertakes to give us a general account of the

Mediterranean policy of the two countries during the period 1660-1830, and to trace its slow and uncertain development from its origin to its culmination. A more enthralling topic it would be difficult to find, and Mr. Lord has not failed to avail himself of some of the more striking incidents which the history of those wonderful centuries affords. The reader will find much to interest him, although most of what the volume contains has been told and better told before. Our quarrel is not with the book as a readable account of great transactions, but—what one must conclude that the writer intended it to be—as a history with a serious and definite object.

We think that we shall not misinterpret Mr. Lord's object in saying that he intended it as an historical review of the period in question, something after the manner of Seeley's "Expansion of England". It would be unfair to any living author, Captain Mahan alone excepted, to compare his work to the great book which furnished so many with an imperial creed. If we do so in the present case it is rather with the object of pointing out the inferiority of Mr. Lord's method than of animadverting on the relative merits of the two in style and in power of exposition.

In this class of deductive history more perhaps than in any other, it is of the first importance to avoid anything approaching to irrelevant detail, to hold closely to the main thread of the argument and from the first to make the general scheme as clear as possible. This Seeley did with matchless skill and without apparent effort. The countless threads of his *Welt-Politik* are woven so firmly and exactly into one rope that any other form of fabrication seems inconceivable. His great lessons are marked out with absolute definiteness; his conclusions, whether you agree with them or not, are unmistakeable; his work is in the best sense of the word complete. It is just this want of system, form, definiteness, which we search for in vain in Mr. Lord's book. He does not, unless we greatly err, seek to write anything like a detailed history. He fails on the other hand to present a clear picture of what happened or to summarise his judgments on the mighty series of events which he passes in review. His arrangement, as it seems to us, is radically faulty. It may or may not have been inexpedient to divide his subject into three parts Gibraltar-Algiers, Egypt and Italy, although—so closely are the histories of these different countries connected with the rival ambitions of the protagonists—we question whether it would not have been better to deal with the period as a whole. But it would certainly have been advisable to give us a beginning or, at the least, an end. The former, as far as a real historical introduction is concerned, Mr. Lord does not supply. After a few paragraphs which we suppose are meant to be introductory, without giving us further compass bearings of the road we are to travel, he glides away into the early history of Gibraltar and Malta as English possessions and a general sketch of the main events in the Mediterranean up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Then, at the end of 60 or 70 pages, in our opinion by far the most interesting of the book, he suddenly plunges into a narrative of French and English dealings with Algeria between 1815 and 1830. The last part of this description is mainly supplied by a series of extracts from the despatches of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and the chapter is concluded rather surprisingly by the statement that George IV. had passed away a month before the last Dey of Algiers landed at Naples. What George's death had to do with the Mediterranean policy of France we frankly confess ourselves unable to understand.

The scheme of the first chapter is not very intelligible, for the history of a century and a half is dismissed in only twice as much space as is allotted to an array of diplomatic interchanges which, if they prove anything, show that our neighbour's statesmanship was unscrupulous and ambitious. As the book does not seem specially to be concerned with the morality of French politicians we do not quite see why something like a twelfth of its pages should be dedicated to a series of negotiations of which the conclusion is alone germane to his argument. The second part of the volume is

entitled the "Struggle for Egypt." Here again Mr. Lord's scheme of work is obscure. His principal object seems to be to prove, if proof be necessary, that Napoleon's thoughts were turned mainly towards the East and that he and not the English was the first to see the strategic importance of Egypt. In holding such an opinion Mr. Lord is unquestionably right. But if his object, as we have assumed it to be, is to trace the main lines of French and English policy in and along the shores of the Mediterranean, why does he load his narrative with irrelevant military details, interesting enough in themselves but quite outside the scope of the work? The military history of the Egyptian expedition cannot be dealt with in sixty pages, and even if it could what have the names of Bonaparte's principal officers—household names which everyone knows—to do with the great captain's policy? The French army accomplished many remarkable feats in Egypt but the length of their marches or the number of their casualties had absolutely nothing to do with the political ambition of their leader.

The defeat of the Egyptian expedition was from the political standpoint of vast importance; the causes that occasioned that failure were of none. So Mr. Lord appears inclined to think for he gives little more than a bare mention of the Siege of Gibraltar and the Battle of the Nile. Why then is it necessary to describe at full length the horrors of the desert march or the opinions of the French on the disadvantages of quarters in Cairo? It is curious however to note that Mr. Lord appears in spite of the comparative elaboration of his military statistics to regard the great military and naval events as quite of second-rate importance. "They are chiefly memorable because they form dramatic moments in an otherwise uninteresting story . . . when the smoke of battle rolls away, the intrinsic insignificance of these places becomes for the first time apparent." We must conclude then that the deluge of unnecessary detail to which we referred above was simply added for purposes of embellishment.

Space hardly permits us to refer to the rest of the book. The third and last chapter is called "The Struggle for Italy" and consists of a long account of the struggles of the Queen of Naples against Napoleon her quarrels with the English and the sorrows of her husband's successor, Murat. The same faults are visible throughout. Some incidents or episodes are given in great detail and others of no less importance are hardly described at all. Here as elsewhere we are unable to discover whether Mr. Lord has any conclusion to draw from the general trend of events or the ambitions of the principal actors. Why, for instance, should the struggle for Italy in the large sense be considered as terminated by the death of Murat?

Mr. Lord is animated by strong personal likes and dislikes. His estimate of Murat is to our thinking absurdly overrated. The author's military knowledge is evidently not very exhaustive and we are hardly surprised to hear him refer to the King of Naples as the first cavalry leader of all time. But to see Joachim described as "a king of men" is certainly a new experience. Able he undoubtedly was; his bravery was proverbial; some of his feats as a leader of horse are justly regarded as models of cavalry action. But as a man, whether as soldier or statesman, Murat can lay no claim to greatness. His mismanagement of the army in Russia and his uncertain attitude in 1813, to mention two episodes in which he might have shown himself a man of commanding power or unshaken fidelity, stamp him as essentially second-rate. As Napoleon said of him, on the field of battle he was a brave man, off it he was weak.

But differences of opinion on such matters are not essentially important. Our main criticism of Mr. Lord's book, much of which is not uninteresting though not especially original, is that its title does not accurately describe its contents. It cannot be classed among detailed histories or comprehensive essays. It is a series of opinions and episodes. But for their length its three articles would be well suited to a magazine; combined in a volume they fail to leave any distinct impression on the mind of the reader.

NOVELS.

"I Crown Thee King." By Max Pemberton. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

If one of the inquisitive reporters who study successful novelists were to state in an "illustrated interview" that Mr. Max Pemberton had dictated "I Crown Thee King" while playing a desperate game of ping-pong, we should not disbelieve. There is about it a horrid facility in what Stevenson called "Tushery", the aimless narrative ripples on for the predestined number of pages; to vary the metaphor, the puppets dance while Mr. Pemberton behind the booth chants appropriate dialogues in a travesty of sixteenth-century English. The work describes the rising of Wyatt in Queen Mary's reign, it introduces bold outlaws and a fair damsel, it meanders round a picturesque period of history leaving the reader unmoved. It cannot properly be called very bad work, for it is quite negative. The persons of the story do brave deeds in an amazingly lifeless manner: they are ill-drilled supers pressed to play romantic drama. Any educated man, we imagine, could write like that if he thought it worth while. The best course for a reviewer is (if we may quote Mr. Pemberton's dramatic language) "to curse again inaudibly and wrap his black cloak close about his mouth".

"Cashiered" and Other War Tales. By Andrew Balfour. London: Nisbet. 1902. 6s.

"Plots." By Bernard Capes. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

These two collections of short stories may both secure some measure of undeserved popularity. "Cashiered" is one of the little miseries that we owe to the Transvaal War. Mr. Balfour again reveals his glimpses of the more obvious and less alluring aspects of military life, and South Africa provides a background of half-castes and savages which he has found irresistible. Mr. Capes' "Plots" move in frankly heterogeneous moods, though most of them are more or less atrabilious. They will appeal to the class of readers—painfully large and apparently growing—who demand that humanity shall be either rugged or neurasthenic. Yet, as Mr. Capes imprudently reminds us, "An habitation giddy and unsure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart".

"Wistons." By Miles Amber. London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

This is the first of Mr. Unwin's "First Novel Library", and, on the whole, very good it is—for a first novel. When "Miles Amber" has written her second or third novel, she will not do what is fundamentally wrong—introduce to her readers a number of delightful people, make her readers really fond of them, and then slay them one by one to begin with, finishing up by slaying them in couples. Of course, there are other faults, but nobody need insist on them—perhaps, however, one criticism ought to be made, which is, that no novel-writer will ever do anything much with a hero who is perfectly and absolutely beautiful, and "Miles Amber" tries very hard to do exactly that. But "Wistons" is remarkable for a delicacy of thought and touch, and an almost excellent study of the mind of a wilful girl.

"Under Cloister Stones." By A. E. Knight. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1902. 3s. 6d.

Two villains in search of hidden treasure, the fearful crimes of which they are guilty, and a string of adventures which would have blanched the cheek of Peace himself—all this is very stirring reading. This is a good deal better than the ordinary stuff turned out in the guise of books for boys. Mr. Knight has a strong touch and considerable powers of unfolding quickly and unexpectedly his chapters of accident up to a sound finish in the good old-fashioned style. There is not everything here, but there is more than usual.

"Lady Gwendoline." By Thomas Cobb. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 6s.

It is hard on Mr. Cobb that his publisher should bespatter his cover with a flaring declaration about "another novel of upper social life", &c. If readers were let alone they would probably get more enjoyment

from "Lady Gwendoline", which, though not by any means as good as some former work, is written with fair ingenuity. There is no reason why the characters should not do in the middle of the book what they do at the end, but if they had known their own minds there would not have been enough material for another novel of upper social life. A secret marriage which cannot be revealed because the shock would kill the bride's father, a mistaken identity, a certain amount of chatter neither better nor worse than what one hears every day—of such materials is the book compounded.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Companion to English History (Middle Ages)." Edited by F. P. Barnard. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1902. 8s. 6d. net.

This volume reminds us somewhat of the admirable work by Mr. Cutts which was reviewed here not long since. But it is more imposing perhaps by reason of its list of contributors who include Mr. Oman, the Rev. Arthur Galton, Mr. Rait and Mr. Leadam. Among the subjects treated are "Military Architecture and the Art of War", "Ecclesiastical Architecture", "Trade and Commerce", "Learning and Education". There are some good illustrations from old prints, and Mr. Galton's contribution in particular is much helped by the blocks, which, unlike those in one or two books published recently, have not been drawn from Bloxam's work on ecclesiastical architecture. Mr. Warner contributes the paper dealing with feudal tenures, manors and servile tenants and also with territorial divisions in England before Domesday. It is workmanlike so far as it goes, but Mr. Warner evidently sees that the task is not really possible with only a few pages at his command. Mr. Capes in his work on the parish of Bramshott scarcely did more than touch the edge of the subject, though he gave up a good part of his volume to it. The glossary, which recalls the list of words in Bloxam and other works of the kind, is well done. Altogether this seems a sound and interesting book.

"Tennyson." By Oliver Elton. London: Nutt. 1901. 1s. net.

Mr. Elton has reprinted his lecture given in the Arts Theatre of University College, Liverpool, last winter. It is thoughtful and suggestive, though we cannot say we think it strikes the high note of Mr. A. C. Bradley's "Commentary on the 'In Memoriam'" we reviewed last December. Carlyle's picture of Tennyson has been hung on the line rather too often, so that one feels inclined to put it with its face to the wall now. Mr. Elton might perhaps have left that out. We do not agree with what he has to say in dispraise of "Aylmers Field". We do agree with what he says about the "unassailable songs"; about the difficulty of "In Memoriam". A few years ago tiresome people who imagined themselves superior were fond of calling Tennyson a poet for the middle classes, for the bourgeois, and of declaring that Browning was so infinitely more precious. Now that Mr. Elton has printed this lecture and Mr. Bradley's Commentary has become the classic on the subject, it is to be hoped the stream of books on Tennyson will cease completely. They have been a sad infliction. But the publisher who reprints the admirable and exhaustive index of "In Memoriam" which has been so long out of print, and which indeed is known to few people to-day, will be doing a really good service to readers of Tennyson.

"The Story of the Stewarts." Edinburgh: Printed for the Stewart Society. 1901.

The recently formed Stewart Society has issued a well-printed and graceful volume purporting to tell the story of the Stewarts of Scotland and their descendants. Opposite the title-page is a fanciful illustration of "Princess" Marjory Bruce and her companions in captivity, being received by Walter the Stewart, afterwards the husband of her brief marriage. The picture well expresses the character of the volume as a gift book rather than a contribution to accurate genealogy. The story is contained in a chapter of 162 pages without a single marginal note or reference to any authority. The language is not stately. Speaking of the second queen of David II. the unknown author uses the expression "she induced the King to marry her"—"apparently beyond a doubt her maiden name was Drummond"; "along with"—appears thrice in about twenty lines, and so forth. The story opens with a summary of Mr. Round's recently published charters and essays on the origin of the Stewarts, which the author has not perfectly understood owing to his having not read the last of them. The author exhibits much anxiety to prove that Sir John Menteith did not betray Sir William Wallace—and it is when discussing such historic questions that the want of authority becomes painful. The author ignores the fact that the claim of the Earl of Galloway to represent Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl and thus to be heir male of the ancient Stewarts is very seriously contested. Not only is it doubtful whether Lord

Galloway's ancestor was a son of Bonkyl—but a very able argument was published some years ago to prove that the Earl of Castlestuart in Ireland is the legitimate heir male of the Duke of Albany and thus heir male of the Royal Stewarts.

"The Ancestor." A Quarterly Review (No. I., April, 1902). London: Constable. 1902. 5s. net.

The new quarterly magazine published by Messrs. Constable and Co., entitled "The Ancestor", contains excellent articles on archaeological subjects, and very interesting illustrations. The latter include reproductions of miniatures at Belvoir Castle; of Gresley portraits; and of stained-glass windows at the old Manor House of Lyte's Cary, explained and blazoned by the accomplished Deputy Keeper of the Records. Among learned expert contributors to the magazine are Mr. Horace Round, Mr. St. John Hope and Mr. Oswald Barron. Mr. W. A. Lindsay also contributes an interesting article. The most important article, in respect of length and research, is one by Sir George Sitwell on the "English Gentleman". The argument will be welcomed by those who accord to the untitled gentleman of England a far higher place, than that allotted by writers, British and foreign, who assume that if a man is untitled he is not noble. The silly and very modern proposition that gentility is to be acquired—instead of being evidenced—by any act of the Heralds' College, is dismissed with proper contempt; and the true meaning of nobility, and of the comparatively modern word gentility, was tenure from compulsory service, other than military, ceremonial, or judicial.

"Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." London: Macmillan. 1902. 3s. 6d.

This edition of Chaucer has been reprinted from the Globe Edition on thin paper. We welcome it in this form. It is light and pleasant to handle, and the type is very fair. Moreover the producers have been generous in the matter of gilt edges, a distinct gain to those whose bookshelves are in London and must often remain undusted for many months at a stretch. We hope this little edition will bring fresh readers to Chaucer. Comparatively few educated people have any idea how easy the "Canterbury Tales" are to read when once the first dozen pages have been mastered; and fewer still perhaps know how applicable to various types of English people to-day are many of Chaucer's shrewd sayings and his genial wit. The hasty young squire "as fresh as is the month of May", the lady who spoke French

"After the schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe"

they and others whom the Prologue, that deft mixture of worldly wisdom and charming scenes of nature, introduces, may remind us quite naturally of types of to-day. One almost wonders why Mr. Phillips has not given Homer a holiday and tried his hand on Chaucer. Did not a literary paragraphist tell his readers a while ago that he could "almost promise them a boom in Chaucer" before long?

"John Halifax, Gentleman." By Mrs. Craik. London: Treherne. 1902. 1s. 6d.

This is an attractive reprint, neater than some of the thin-paper editions of famous stories that have such a vogue just now. But why is it one of "The Coronation Series"? What has "John Halifax, Gentleman" to do with this event? The Coronation is too much with us. The boom is fast growing obnoxious.

THE APRIL REVIEWS.

If there were a Liberal party left to study the monthly reviews, some profit might be derived by its members from several articles in the new issues. Old Liberals, independent observers and new aspirants to the office of guide, philosopher and friend combine to bemoan the sorry plight to which the atoms of a once united body have been reduced, and to give advice which is futile because impracticable. Mr. R. E. Dell in the "Monthly Review" says that the reaction against Liberalism which has been continuous since 1886 is traceable to neglect of social reform in 1880-5, Home Rule, Welsh disestablishment, direct veto and Little Englandism. "No revival of the old Liberalism is probable", he says, and naively advises his fellow-partisans to study the new problems with which they have to deal. Not less frank is Mr. Charles Douglas M.P. writing on the Liberal League in the "Contemporary Review". The Liberals, he says, have misread the drift of imperialism, misunderstood colonial sentiment, "displayed an unpromising sterility of mind about our affairs at home" and are "obviously out of harmony with the national intuition about South Africa". With evidence before us of disunion which even the dullest cannot mistake, Dr. Guinness Rogers' assurance, also in the "Contemporary", that there must be unity if there is to be a revival of Liberal propagandism does not strike us as a very profound contribution to the discussion. All talk of Liberal ideals is just now so much waste breath and Dr. Guinness Rogers' little sermon will not reconcile the irreconcilable. Nor do we think Mr. Lloyd Sanders advances matters much by his suggestion in the "Nineteenth Century" that

the Liberals who are not anxious to be the friends of every country except their own should label themselves Whigs. That would be an easy way of emphasising the gulf between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; it would likewise reduce the Liberal Imperialists to entire impotence. "A sublime confidence in half truths confirming their own infallibility has been and always will be the characteristic of Whigs, whether Old, New, or the Newest." In the end, says "A Student of Public Affairs" writing in the "Fortnightly Review" "the Liberal Imperialists must be absorbed by the Conservatives as the old Whigs were and as the newer Liberal Unionists have been". The "Fortnightly" "student," however, wholly refuses to believe that the decay of Liberalism is due to any of the causes mentioned by Mr. Dell. He thinks he discovers the secret in the uprising of an aristocracy of wealth, which will have nothing to do with the old Liberalism. It is impossible he says ever again to reconcile "the interests and political aims of urban aristocracy with those of urban democracy". The new rich have possibly disposed of the old Liberals, but it is quite certain that the plight of the opposition is mainly due to what C. de Thierry in a caustic and wholly admirable article in the "United Service Magazine" calls "the anti-patriotic ulcer". The hostility of the foreigner to everything British, and the British army in particular, is intelligible; the hostility of certain Britons themselves is unnatural and contemptible, and the most remarkable spectacle of all is to find an ex-Minister for War leading the pro-Boer section. "The Anti-patriotic Ulcer" is one of the most refreshing and vigorous essays in denunciation of disloyalism which has recently appeared.

Of the Imperial problems which will be much discussed in the course of the next few months it is difficult to say whether tariffs or defence is the more pressing. The correct view is to regard them as interdependent, but that view is in advance of public opinion. Army reform is briefly considered by "Blackwood", which comments with friendly criticism on Mr. Brodrick's latest speech; but it is absolutely untrue to say "that the nation has welcomed the Government proposals as an indication that all idea of conscription for filling the ranks of the regular army has been abandoned and that the policy of paying the market value for the men required has been accepted". The ultimate view of the country will depend on the effect of the latest proposals. If they are not a success, then conscription so far from being abandoned will be the only alternative. Meantime Captain W. E. Cairnes in the "Fortnightly" says that the voluntary system cannot be declared a failure until an attempt to form a second-class reserve has been defeated. It is however not only further reserves that we want but more recruits. In the "National Review", in an able letter to the Editor, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson excuses himself for not acceding to the request that he should write on strategic points involved in preparing for war. If his view were the correct one it probably would not move Great Britain to the necessary action, but it would certainly be duly noted by Germany and others. This patriotic consideration does not however induce Mr. Wilkinson to abstain from advancing some pertinent hints as to the duties which he thinks devolve upon the First Lord of the Admiralty. In the same review Rear-Admiral Sir James Bruce protests against the notion which somebody or other has conceived that the various British "dominions" beyond the seas should be given separate fleets. "One fleet, one flag" is the only safe or wise course. Mr. Laird Clowes in the "Nineteenth Century" makes some suggestions for improving the Naval Reserve, and Mr. J. S. Corbett in the "Monthly" resumes his consideration of the question of education in the Navy. On the subject of Imperial finance, the "Contemporary" and the "National" contain further important pleas for the immediate modification of our present fiscal system. In the former Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose facility for forming an opinion on every vital problem under the sun is a little startling, advances a plea in favour of employing the means which experience points to, as necessary, if we would keep our place in the markets of the world—including of course our own. Dr. Dillon is not scared by the menace of pains and penalties with which the foreigner greets any suggestion of an inter-Imperial British tariff. The idea of a tariff "combine" between the Swiss, Italian, Dutch, Germans, and Belgians is not regarded as wholly chimerical, and if such heterogeneous elements may unite in order to secure mutual trade advantages why, Dr. Dillon asks, may not the members of the British Empire? In the "National" Sir Vincent Caillard completes his suggestions for an Imperial tariff, incidentally strengthening his case by reference to the articles which have recently appeared in the "Saturday Review" on the food supply of the Empire. In his three papers, Sir Vincent Caillard has proved first the great change of conditions which has taken place since free trade was first established; second, the effect of those changes on our trade and the course necessary to render our position secure; third, the unsoundness of the financial system which has grown up in Great Britain and the absence from the only possible remedy of the dangers which we have been asked to believe would attend its adoption.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, after the first rush of eulogy at the hands

of commentators who value a philosopher according to his sales, is being found out. Mr. Beattie Crozier's article in the "Fortnightly" will shock the complacency not only of Mr. Kidd himself but of those who hailed the appearance of "The Principles of Western Civilisation" as a masterpiece. Mr. Kidd is described as stalking ruthlessly over his predecessors as if unaware of their existence, and his self-satisfaction results in "a hypothesis more cloudy, empty and unreal than any" Mr. Crozier has yet known. Mr. Crozier therefore proceeds to show that in this work "Mr. Kidd has retrograded to a standpoint vaguer, more crude and scientifically speaking less advanced than any occupied by those earlier philosophers whose works he so lightly brushes aside". The points on which Mr. Crozier controverts Mr. Kidd are too numerous to summarise here: he concludes with the protest that "at a time when so many of our best workers cannot even get a hearing, the overpuffing of laborious mediocrity which has brought a work like this to the very crest of the wave is a scandal which ought to be abated". Three articles in the reviews deal with the relations of literature and the stage. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. W. L. Courtney reproduces his suggestive lecture on the "Modern Social Drama as Influenced by the Novel". The two forms of modern art which have no classical models are music and the novel, and Mr. Courtney points to "the singular fact that drama, having an ancient prototype, has now fallen under a modern influence and is for ever oscillating between the older ideals and the newer". In another article, also a reprint of a lecture, which appears in the "National Review" Mr. Courtney makes some interesting reflections on "The Vicissitudes of the Hero in Drama". Mr. Frederick Wedmore in the "Nineteenth Century" without of course deprecating literature on the stage concludes that the stage could get on very well without it. "An effective stage and an effective literature are separable things. . . . Without the aid of anything that you can call literature there can be presented on the stage those three things which to the big public—and I do not say wrongly—will always make the strongest appeal. Those three things are emotion, adventure, comic character—and they have been upon the stage always, whether Literature has been there or not". Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay in the "National" on James Spedding is a delightful account of the methods of a tireless student on specialist lines. It also serves to expose the utter absurdity of the idea that Bacon was a species of Siamese twins in literature. Among several most readable articles in "Blackwood"—such as "At the Play in Burma" and "On the Heels of De Wet"—is one on "Light and Shade in Ireland", which is equally amusing and instructive. One of the privileges of living in Ireland in the writer's opinion is that of reading the Irish papers.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Mamselka. Par Henry Greville. Paris: Plon. 1902. 3f. 50c.

Madame Henry Greville is now the author of sixty-four books: sixty-four times at least, then, has she won the esteem and gratitude of the innumerable readers of French novels who, in Paris, in the provinces, and all the world over, long ago refused to be bored and harrowed unceasingly by the realist, impressionist, and symbolist. In a sense, she has created a school. For, as we pointed out in our last article, she has many disciples; and although we cannot maintain for the moment that her work reveals unmistakable idiosyncrasies—qualities alone peculiar to Henry Greville—we are aware all the time that it is her work, that it could not be anybody's else. She has no mannerisms of style, no tricks; but she is always to be identified. Give us but a few of her pages unnamed, unsigned—and we shall not fail to attribute them to Henry Greville. They will be polished, kindly, subtle, humorous, sympathetic, invariably refreshing—an odd assortment of epithets perhaps, yet here legitimate. Each volume declares what is best and brightest in life, without moralising over wickedness. Virtue overdone can become a vice. But Henry Greville's heroines and heroes are human, and therefore not impeccable; the adventurer and adventurers get their deserts, but have not to undergo the extra punishment of being preached at: in fine, we are not left protesting—as we protest after a dose of Annie Swan and Rosa Nitouche Carey—that, if this be goodness (may we be allowed the word!), then it is far, far better to be bad. Necessarily, sixty-four novels from the same pen cannot all be equally excellent. One has to take age into account: and alas! Henry Greville will not be here to enchant the next generation. She has written for many, many years. Like Elia's "Superannuated Man" she would be entitled to say, "Opus operatum est. I have done all that I came into this world to do, and have the rest of the day to myself". We cannot expect another "Dusia", a second "Angèle"; but so long as Henry Greville puts off the day of retirement, we may expect novels from her as refreshing and pure, if not as remarkable, as those of years ago. In "La Mamselka", she is not, we are compelled to say, at her best. Magda Rox resembles too closely Zoby, the chief character in a recent book. Zoby schemed, and Magda schemes. Zoby was a musician

and ambitious, Magda is a lady's companion but just as ambitious. However, Zoby was not punished very severely in the end; whereas Magda swallows poison, and dies. The "action" takes place chiefly in a country château in Russia, inhabited by the Princess Daria Pavlovna Tchéritsky and her ward, Aniouta Mirsky. Both lead a retired life after the Prince is killed in a duel; both are devoted to one another, and it is Magda's aim to supplant Aniouta in the Princess' affections. Aniouta falls ill—yet no one can discover her malady. A doctor advises a journey, and so the Princess and her ward travel, and finally arrive at Vichy. There, they meet a young doctor, François Dorgeval, who so impresses Princess Daria that she determines to take him back with her to Russia to watch over Aniouta. And he consents: for he is fascinated by Aniouta. Again, however, his patient suffers; and it is not until they are secretly engaged that the doctor understands his fiancée's "case". She is being slowly poisoned by Magda. Ultimately, Magda is exposed, and out of rage—out of bitter disappointment, for she too loves François Dorgeval and had hoped that he would return her passion—takes her life. But it is not without the utmost persuasion that Dorgeval gains the Princess's consent to his marriage with Aniouta, for the Princess has pronounced opinions about birth. Briefly, this is the plot of Henry Greville's latest book. As a story, it is not remarkable; but the characters have been carefully created and portrayed—Magda, "La Mamselka", especially—and the conversations between the Princess and her ward are charmingly recorded, and the passages that describe the Prince's quarrel (the cause of his duel and death) and Magda's suicide are really dramatic. Moreover, there is no "padding". Henry Greville may not have as much to say as usual, but that does not tempt her to "spin out" her story. She still has—will always have—a profound respect for her work; and, in return, she enjoys—will ever enjoy—the respect of all cultivated readers.

Terres Maudites. Roman traduit de l'Espagnole de V. Blasco Ibañez par G. Hérèlle. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

The natural place for the notice of this book would be in the Spanish Literature columns; but the excellence of M. G. Hérèlle's translation and the regrettable fact that few of us can read Spanish with ease entitle it to further consideration. A village outside Valencia is the scene, and immediately we get an impressive picture of its uncouth, superstitious inhabitants. Peasants, all of them—either idle or industrious, but all unanimous in their hatred of Batiste and his family who enter the village total strangers and soon improve a farm which had fallen into decay. And the peasants resent this improvement: for they cursed the farm when Don Salvador—a miser—evicted old Barret, its hardworking tenant, and when Barret assassinated Don Salvador and was transported, vowed that the farm should never flourish again. The persecution of Batiste and his family by the peasants is most powerfully conceived. It is terrible, harrowing; nothing could be more painful than Batiste's grief at the poisoning of his one horse, at the constant insults he and his wife and children have to undergo, at the death of his youngest son—Pascualet—who has been ill-treated by his schoolfellows. Batiste had bought the horse out of his savings, and Batiste's love for his horse was as deep as his love for his fields. And the fields are tampered with, and the persecution becomes more and more unbearable; and so, at last, Batiste shoots his chief enemy, Pimentó. Out of revenge, the peasants set fire to Batiste's farm. It burns brightly. It collapses. The labour of years is wasted. All is over. Everywhere wreckage. Batiste and his family are ruined: and, "avec une résignation orientale ils s'assirent tous au bord de la route et attendirent le jour, les épaules transies par le froid, la face grillée par ce brasier qui jetait sur leur morne visage des reflets de sang, les yeux attentifs à suivre les progrès du feu qui dévorait le fruit de leur labeur et le convertissait en cendres aussi ténues et friables que leurs anciennes illusions de paix et de travail". A fine passage and one that gives an idea of the masterly manner in which M. G. Hérèlle has accomplished the work of translation. The book should most certainly be read—for here is an admirable opportunity of obtaining an impression of the modern realistic school of Spain.

La Chesnardière. Par Léon de Tinsseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

As we have no small admiration for M. Léon de Tinsseau's work, we cannot but deplore the appearance of his latest book. It is not worthy of the author of "La Meilleure Part"—a chef-d'œuvre—and "Au Coin d'une Dot", most charming of stories. Indeed, it cannot compare with the many polished novels that have come from M. de Tinsseau's pen. Perhaps its most noticeable, certainly its most exasperating, fault is the constant moralising over the egoism of the Count and Countess Adélaïde de Baralys who inhabit "La Chesnardière", a fine country château. An artist, and M. de Tinsseau can be an artist, would have let us observe this egoism for ourselves. It is not gay to be told perpetually that, if M. and Madame de Baralys were less egoistic, their life would have been happier and brighter. Julianne de Baralys alone becomes

happy, and because she has always been unselfish. She marries a painter—but from what we have seen of him we cannot believe that he will ever produce an amazing picture. Scenes from life in a country château, of course. The Countess is unfaithful; the Count fights a duel with her lover, and is wounded—the remaining two children are most unsatisfactory. But we laugh when Albert de Lepriac, most uncivilised of souls, bursts in upon the Count and Countess to claim relationship. He is a cousin; and he has just been bitten by a mad dog. On his way to the Pasteur Institute, he thought he would call upon his cousins. They, of course, fear that he may show symptoms of hydrophobia at any moment; and are even more terrified when Albert calmly announces that he killed the dog and has brought with him its head. The head lies in a basket, and it is an alarming head. This is the one gay incident in the book. We like Albert de Lepriac, and are glad that he was not detained at the Pasteur Institute.

Mater Dolorosa. Par l'Auteur de "Amitié Amoureuse" et Maurice de Waleffe. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

Consummate, indeed, is the manner in which the authors of this powerful but painful book reveal the appalling secret that Thérèse and Daniel de Béhul are too passionately attached to one another to endure only the relationship of mother and son. When they themselves discover this, Thérèse enters a convent and Daniel commits suicide. Eventually, Thérèse dies. In "Le Fantôme" M. Paul Bourget had a situation almost as terrible,

(Continued on page 440.)

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but even he was unable to treat it with the fine delicacy of the author of "Amitié Amoureuse" and his collaborator. No one can possibly be offended by "Mater Dolorosa", however pained. And then more than three-quarters of the book (which is composed of a correspondence between Thérèse and Daniel) is at once brilliant and beautiful. The letters are full of fine sentiments, fine resolutions, and lofty hopes; full, also, of vivid descriptive passages. There is much truth in Daniel's account of the incongruities of life in Paris. He writes eloquently:—"Paris, nom merveilleux dont les deux syllabes tournent la tête à l'univers. Nom qui saute dans les cervelles lointaines comme un bouchon de champagne, tandis que les jupes de soie se retroussent pour ne pas tremper dans le vin doré qui se répand! Paris, la ville pavois! Paris, dont le Bottin, sur dix adresses, contient une femme galante ou un artiste! Paris des rois Louis! Paris de l'Empereur! Paris de l'Opéra et de la Comédie-Française! Paris de tous les romanciers, de tous les poètes et de tous les peintres! Paris des courses et des coulisses! Paris de la Sorbonne et de l'Institut! Paris où il y a des concierges d'hôtel qui tutoient les princes en voyage, des avocats ou des médecins dont la consultation se paye mille francs la minute, des Bourbons qui courent après l'omnibus, et des actrices qui vont en terre avec des couronnes de souverains derrière leur corbillard!" But Daniel de Béhul knows also another Paris.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 avril. 3f.

The strength of this number, apart from the large amount of space given to fiction, lies in the history. M. Pierre de Ségur deals in great detail with "Luxembourg et le Prince d'Orange" and the Holland war, taking July 1672 as the beginning of his epoch. It is remarkable that he quotes and approves Macaulay's fervid sketch of Holland statesmen. M. Millet writes on colonial evolution. His sketch of early French successes and later failures is excellent, but it is not easy to share his conviction that the psychological moment has come when the moral force in France shall produce new expansion and consolidation. "En petite Russie" gives in very picturesque language some account of a lady's life among her Russian tenants to whose amelioration she gives up her life.

La Revue. 1 avril. 1f. 30c.

M. Jean Finot's paper on "L'Angleterre Malade: à ses Blessures (!)" is couched in a fine spirit of pity and condescension. But we have got accustomed to hearing that England is on the brink of ruin: and so M. Finot's pessimistic account of our commercial, financial, and moral condition is neither new nor particularly interesting. Germany and America, of course, are the countries we have the most to fear from; we must not count too much upon the colonies. To do M. Finot justice we must say that he quotes freely from English writers who would seem also to imagine that England's position as a Great Power is threatened. But quotations are often misleading: that is, if they leave off too soon. At all events, M. Finot is good enough to feel sorry for us, and, like the halfpenny dailies, bids us "wake up". Veritable "hack-work"—too often seen in this review—is represented by M. Charles Simond's article on "Women Writers in Germany" and by "The Actual State of Literature in France" by M. Georges Pellessier. With a few reference books, anybody could have written them. Of the nine caricatures, six concern England. We have no objection to five of them, for they are merely foolish; but the sixth is coarse in the extreme.

For This Week's Books see page 442.

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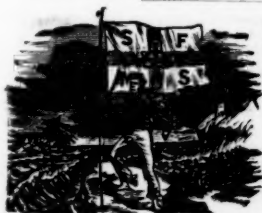
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NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

The NEXT ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above Company will be held in the Board Room of City Chambers Johannesburg, The Transvaal, on TUESDAY, 10th JUNE, 1902.

BUSINESS.

1. To receive the Balance-Sheet, Statement of Revenue and Expenditure, Reports, &c., for the period ending 31st MARCH, 1902.
2. To appoint two Directors in the place of Messrs. H. Strakosch and S. Evans, who retire by rotation, but who are eligible for re-election.
3. To elect two Auditors in the place of Messrs. T. Douglas and F. J. Moller, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix the remuneration for the post Audit.

4. Also for General Business.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 31st MAY to the 10th JUNE, 1902, both inclusive.

Any new nominations for the position of Director to the Company must be notified in writing at the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least fifty clear days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their shares at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Transfer Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.
London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
27th March, 1902.

BALSAMIC

(Medical)

VINOLIA SOAP

FOR THE BATH.

ROYAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

MONTHLY RETURN of CONVICTIONS (not including those obtained by the police or kindred societies) obtained during the month ending March 20, 1902:—

Working horses and donkeys in an unfit state	290
Overdriving and overloading horses	7
Beating, &c., horses, cattle, bear, dogs, &c.	74
Starving horses, dogs, fowls, &c., by withholding food	23
Travelling horses and cattle when lame	7
Conveying sheep and fowls improperly	5
Wild birds offences during close season	2
Owners causing in above	151
Infringing Knackers' Sections of the Act	2

*566

During 1902 up to last return

Total for the present year

* Thirty-four offenders were committed to prison (full costs paid by the society), 532 offenders paid pecuniary penalties (penalties not received by the society). The above return is irrespective of the assistance rendered to the police in cases not requiring the personal attendance of our officers.

8,023 total convictions during 1902.
The above return is published (1) To inform the public of the nature and extent of acts of cruelty to animals discovered by the society in England and Wales; (2) to show the society's efforts to suppress that cruelty by statutory law; (3) to prompt the police and constabulary to apply the statutes in similar offences; and (4) to make the law known and respected, and to warn cruelly disposed persons against breaking it. Officers are not permitted to lay information except as directed by the Secretary on written evidence.

The Committee invite the co-operation and support of the public. Besides day duty relays of officers watch all-night traffic of London.
Anonymous complaints of cruelty are not acted on, but are put into the was-e-paper basket. The names of correspondents are not given up when letters are marked "Private."

Cheques and post orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The society is greatly in NEED OF FUNDS.
105 Jernyn Street, London. JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

P.S.—Owing to the society's operations the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted and enforced. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools and among persons having the care of dumb animals upwards of one hundred different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals and the duty and profitability of kindness to them. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which minister to man's wants, in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars, showing the persuasive and educational measures or punitive proceedings taken by the society to prevent cruelty to animals, should apply to the Secretary, or to all booksellers, for its monthly illustrated journals, "The Animal World," price 2d., and "The Hand of Mercy," price 4d.; also to the Secretary for its annual report, price 1s. for non-members; also for books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature published by the society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis; also for copies of its monthly return of convictions, or also its cautionary placards, which will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully.

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COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE CAPE PENINSULA SUBURBAN MUNICIPAL WATERWORKS LOAN (Cape Town Suburban).

Issued by the Municipalities of CLAREMONT, MOWBRAY, RONDEBOSCH, and WOODSTOCK jointly.

ISSUE OF £300,000 FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURES (being first portion of £500,000 sanctioned by Act No. 24 of 1898).

Under Act 24 of 1898, Section 4, power is given to the "Municipalities to levy a special rate or rates (over and above the general annual rates) to provide for the payment of the loan and interest. And in addition to this the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony also has the power, under the Public Bodies Debt Act No. 11 of 1867, to impose a rate on all rateable property within each municipality for the payment of its debts."

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Interest payable 30th June and 31st December, in each year, payable in London or in Cape Town.

Principal repayable at par in London or in Cape Town on 31st December, 1951, as the bearer may elect.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA (Limited), 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, as the duly appointed financial agents of the said councils and of the Committee of Management of the Suburban Municipal Waterworks, will RECEIVE TENDERS for THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS in FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURES, being the first portion of £500,000 sanctioned to be issued under authority of Section 3 of the Act No. 24 of 1893 of the Legislature of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The said Management Committee have been duly elected by the councils of the Municipalities of Claremont, Mowbray, Rondebosch, and Woodstock, in terms of Section 8 of the same Act.

These municipalities are the principal residential suburbs adjoining Cape Town and extend from the boundaries of Cape Town, through Woodstock, Mowbray, Rondebosch, and Claremont, for a distance of six miles.

The objects of the loan are to provide for the payment of the whole undertaking, property, assets, rights, contracts, and obligations of the Cape Town District Waterworks Company (Limited), which were acquired by the said councils by virtue of the said Act No. 24 of 1898; and further for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to augment the water supply.

The purchase price was fixed by a Court of Arbitrators.

The assets to be acquired, &c., are fully detailed in the prospectus.

The following figures show the working of the water account under the management of the late Cape Town District Waterworks Company (Limited) for each year ending 30th June:—

	Income.	Expenditure.	Net revenue.
	£	£	£
1895	13,542	3,445	10,097
1896	19,264	5,870	13,394
1897	21,568	6,842	14,726
1900	24,838	7,937	16,901

The following table shows the increase in population and rateable valuations of the four principal districts of supply from the year 1895 until the year 1901:—

District.	Estimated Population.			Rateable Valuation.		
	1895.	1898.	1901.	1895.	1898.	1901.
Claremont ..	7,000	10,000	15,000	£600,000	£850,000	£1,200,000
Rondebosch ..	5,400	6,000	6,500	358,000	623,386	862,000
Mowbray ..	4,500	5,500	8,500	253,625	433,900	650,000
Woodstock ..	10,000	20,000	30,000	442,000	967,525	1,419,648
Total ..	26,900	41,500	60,000	1,653,625	2,893,811	4,139,648

The assets of the Municipalities are £310,364.

The Debentures for the present loan will be "to bearer" in sums of £100, £500, and £1,000; with coupons attached for interest at the rate of four per centum per annum; payable half-yearly, on the 30th June and 31st December, at the office of the Standard Bank of South Africa (Limited), 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C., or at their office, Adderley Street, Cape Town, as the bearer may elect. The first coupon for a full half-year's interest will be payable on the 30th June, 1902.

The principal will be repayable at par, at the office of the Standard Bank of South Africa (Limited), London, or at their office Cape Town, as the bearer may elect, on the 31st December, 1951; thirty days' notice must be given of the place where the payment is desired.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation upon the London Stock Exchange.

TENDERS, on the form annexed to prospectus, will be RECEIVED at the STANDARD BANK (Limited), 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C., not later than noon on MONDAY, 7th April, when and where they will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants as may attend for that purpose.

The loan will be allotted to the highest bidders, but no tender at less than £100 for every £100 debenture will be accepted.

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Due notice will be given by advertisement in the *Times* newspaper when the debentures are ready for issue.

In the event of any balance not being paid, the relative allotment will be cancelled, and the previous amounts paid thereon will be forfeited.

Copies of the powers under which the present loan is issued, and other documents relating thereto, may be seen at the Standard Bank of South Africa (Limited), 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C., where prospectuses and forms of tender may be obtained; as well as at Messrs. Whiteheads & Coles, 39 Throgmorton Street, brokers.

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